THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVII No 12 - E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

Historical Society o NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1928.

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Overcoats, Mackanaw Coats and Suits at less than Wholesale Prices.—All lines of winter goods at Bargain Prices.
You will need Rubbers for spring. Buy them now at Reduced Prices.
Spring Boots and Shoes are up. Our present stock now going at less than to-day's wholesale price.
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Regular saving during the year will make it possible to travel at holiday time.
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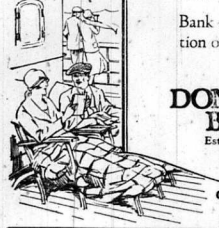
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THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY. 50

HOUSE TO RENT—On Centre street, all conveniences. Apply to V. COWLING. 8-b

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

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CORDWOOD WANTED—Wanted any quantity of cordwood, slabs or bundled edgings. TRENT VALLEY LUMBER CO., Limited, 95 King St., East, Toronto, Phone Elgin 5754 or Elgin 7972. 13-c

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE—The East half of lot fourteen and Southwest quarter of fifteen, in the fifth concession of Fredricksburgh known as the Franklin Selden Wilson farm, situate near what is known as the Anderson Church, within about three miles of Napanee. This is a very choice farm as to the quality of the land and will be sold at a reasonable price. This farm is conveniently laid out and has erected thereon a dwelling house, tenant house, barn and other improvements, also a quantity of valuable timber, and is situate in one of the best localities. For particulars apply to T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of William Edward McKay Lockeridge, late of the township of Camden, in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 17th day of February, A.D., 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O. 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE.
Solicitors for said Estate.
8-d

GLYCERINE BEST AND CHEAPEST ANTI-FREEZE

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer School of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Many car owners are under the impression that all the winter protection necessary is to fill the radiator with some anti-freeze solution. Which is not so. However, the following should interest every man that drives a car during the winter.

In order to compare glycerine with alcohol under actual service conditions, the following test was conducted by engineers of the National Glycerine service. A number of cars, both of the water pump and the thermo-syphon circulating systems, were filled with a 35 per cent. by volume solution of glycerine and an equal number with a 35 per cent. by volume solution of alcohol. These were then used under normal operating conditions and samples of the cooling liquids were analyzed periodically to see whether there was any loss of either glycerine or alcohol. Temperatures during the test ranged between 5 degrees below and 50 degrees above zero.

A loss of denatured alcohol of 35 per cent. by volume solution proved to be about four-fifths of a quart per 100 miles of driving.

A loss of distilled glycerine of 35 per cent. by volume solution was practically zero. About 1-100 of a gallon was lost per 100 miles, due apparently to some of the liquid splashing up into the overflow tube. However, this small loss is negigible.

An examination of the cars in which glycerine had been used showed them to be in good condition. Neither the hose connections nor the metal parts had in any way suffered.

In a car with a radiator holding three gallons, which is to be protected against zero weather, about a gallon of either glycerine or alcohol must be added. Assuming that alcohol is used, and that the car is run 100 miles a week, four-fifths to a quart of alcohol will have to be added each week to replace evaporation. This will amount to four and one-fourth gallons during the course of the winter. Thus, with a gallon originally added, a total of about five and one-fourth gallons will be required for the winter to do the work that could have been done by a gallon of glycerine.

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NEW HOCKEY LEAGUE

Arrangements were completed in Trenton on Monday night for a Bay of Quinte Hockey League, composed of Trenton, Belleville and Napanee.

Mr. Bert Camm, of the Canadian Industrial Motion Picture Company, presented to the newly formed league a very beautiful cup, which will have to be won three years in succession for a team to become permanent possessors.

Officers were elected last night and with the interest shown in Trenton it promises well for Hockey. The first Napanee home game will be on Friday night, when Trenton visits Napanee. The Moving Picture people will be down in force behind their team and it is expected that a large crowd will accompany them. The Napanee Band has been engaged for the occasion and it looks like a real big night. Trenton will be much stronger than when they last played Napanee. They will have Bowen, of the Belleville O.H.A. team, in goal, and he is sure one great goalie, while out in front they will be strengthened by several new faces. The locals will have all their regulars in the game and perhaps Detlor, of Deseronto, will be in the line-up.

Following is the list of officers and the schedule:

Hon. Pres.—Capt. B. Bairnsfather, Trenton.
Pres.—Mr. Bert Camm, Trenton.
1st Vice-Pres.—Mr. W. J. Wiggins, Napanee.
Sec'y-Treas.—Mr. H. Jarrett, Trenton.

Executive Committee composed of the managers of the three teams.

SCHEDULE.

Feb. 17.—Trenton at Napanee.
Feb. 20.—Belleville at Trenton.
Feb. 24.—Napanee at Trenton.
Feb. 27.—Belleville at Napanee.
Mar. 1.—Trenton at Belleville.
Mar. 5.—Napanee at Belleville.
Belleville will play its home fixture on March 5th, with Napanee in Napanee.

At the game in Trenton on Monday night with Picton, a large floral horseshoe was presented by the Canadian Industrial Motion Picture Company to the Trenton Hockey Team. About 800 spectators were present, while the Trenton band enlivened proceedings during the game. After the game a procession was formed, headed by the band and marched from the rink down the main street to the Boston cafe, where about 75 people sad down to a banquet given by he Motion Picture Industry.

CONSERVATIVE EXECUTIVE MEETING

On Wednesday last, Feb. 8th, an executive meeting of the Liberal Conservative Association of Lennox was held at the office of Dr. C. M. Stratton. Those present were: Dr. C. M. Stratton, President; Mrs. Thomas, 3rd Vice President; Joe Hichs, North Fredericksburgh; Robt. Cadman, South Fredericksburgh; Tommy Creighton, Ernestown; J. P. Dorland, Adolphustown; George Walters, Napanee; Albert Reid, Richmond, and C. W. Hambly. Wilfred Wilson, Secretary, was unable to be present.

On a question by Mr. Dorland as to why the Frontenac end of the riding was not represented, Mr. Hambly rose and stated that the meeting was called for the purpose of selecting candidates for the Government Liquor Store in Napanee, and that the Hon. W. H. Price, Attorney General, authorized the meeting to be called and the Frontenac end left out of it.

A lengthy list of applicants was then read.

Mr. Dorland asked that the qualifications of the applicants be discussed, but it was not thought necessary, the rest present. Ballots were then passed and all applicants voted upon for the position of Manager. Albert Reid had a clear majority over all and was declared elected, and the election made unanimous. Harry Rooney was elected second man in a like manner and Walter Higgs third man. C. W. Hambly then read the applications for position of beer inspector. There were only two in number, Fred Edgar and Geo. Walters. Ballots were then passed and Mr. Walters having all the votes but one, was declared elected. Thus the recommendations of the Lennox Executive are: Albert Reid, first man, Harry Rooney, second man, Walter Higgs, third man, and Geo. Walters, beer inspector. Quite a few returned soldiers, with splendid war records, had made application for a position, but they did not receive any votes whatsoever.

Campbell House
on Monday, February 20th
J. B. KNIGHT
Will display a complete line of ladies' and gent's
HAIR GOODS
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Advice on all Scalp Ailments and the use of Inecto Rapid
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The W. T. Pember Stores
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of Henry George Bullock, late of the township of Ernesttown, in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 16th day of March, A.D., 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuan to the provisions of section 51 of Chapter 150 R.S.O., 1927.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate.

The County Council for 1928

TOP ROW—R. J. Cousins, Reeve Camden; A. N. Hitchins, Reeve Amherst Island; J. W. Clark, Reeve North Fredericksburgh; F. Smith, Deputy Reeve, Ernesttown; H. Smaile, Ont. Dept. Highways; F. S. Boyes, Reeve, Napanee.

SECOND ROW—S. Wagar, Auditor; J. B. Elliott, Reeve, South Fredericksburgh; T. V. Anderson, County Road Supt.; G. M. Loyst, Reeve, Bath; F. Ford, Caretaker; E. J. Pollard, Press Representative; R. J. Campbell, Reeve K. A. & E.; Jno. Judge, Deputy Reeve Camden; G. A. Aylsworth, Reeve Newburgh.

BOTTOM ROW—Chas. Both, Reeve Denbigh; A. B. Carscallen, Reeve Sheffield; W. G. Wilson, County Clerk; A. C. Tummon, Warden, Reeve Richmond; W. J. Shannon, County Treasurer; A. C. Miller, Reeve Ernesttown, J. S. Johnston, Reeve Adolphustown.

THE LATE FR. O'CONNOR

One of the best-known and most beloved priests of the archdiocese of Kingston passed away in Napanee early on Wednesday morning in the person of Rev. Father Thomas P O'Connor, following an illness of three days.

The late Father O'Connor was born in Kingston, and was ordained in St. Mary's Cathedral on December 19, 1885, by the late Archbishop Cleary. He was parish priest at Stanleyville and later at Kemptville, and for the past twenty-two years had been parish priest at Napanee. In the latter place he became beloved by hosts of friends of all creeds, who learned to love his endearing manner and his sterling qualities. It was always his uppermost thought, as a member of the community in which he lived, to do what he could to alleviate the sufferings of his fellowmen, and for the twenty-two years that he ministered to his flock at Napanee he was revered by them and admired and respected by those not of the same denomination. He was possessed of that particularly pleasing faculty of making friends wherever he went, and his zeal and piety always impressed those who knew him.

Surviving the late Father O'Connor is one sister, Mrs. Odlin, of Kingston.

The funeral was held on Friday morning at eleven o'clock at St. Patrick's church, and was attended by a large concourse of people, the church being filled and many unable to gain admittance. Many priests from the Diocese were present, the funeral oration being delivered by Rev. Father Meehan, of Kingston.

Requiem High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Dean McDonald, of Trenton, the Libera being sung by Bishop Fallon, of London, Ont.

The remains were taken to Kingston on the noon train, after which they were conveyed to St. Mary's Cathedral, where a service was also held, the interment being made at St Mary's cemetery.

Rev. J. H. MacDonald, of Deseronto, officiated at the Libera held at St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, at 3 p.m. Upon arrival in Kingston the remains were taken immediately to the Cathedral to remain in state till the services.

Rev. S. A. Corrigan, of Stirling, acted deacon assisted by Rev. J. A. Meehan, of Kingston, as subdeacon, who preached the sermon. Members of Frontenac Council, No. 728, Knights of Columbus, acted as pallbearers.

Among the distinguished visitors in attendance at the service was Rt. Rev. Msgr. George Corbett, of Cornwall.

DESERONTO.

Mrs. James Dunn and Master Thomas, who have been visiting friends in town for the past week, have returned to their home in Toronto.

Mrs. John Lyman has returned from Rochester, where she has spent the past three months, the guest of her son, Mr. R. G. Walker and family.

Miss Emma St. Louis spent Friday in Napanee attending the funeral of the late Rev. Father O'Connor.

Mr. Thos Chalmers has returned to his home in Toronto after spending a few days in town

Word was received on Saturday morning of the death of Mrs. John Clifford, in Toronto. Mrs. Clifford's maiden name was Annie O'Rourke. Besides her husband, she is survived by four children, as well as brothers and sisters. The remains will be brought here for interment.

The funeral of the late Mr. John Kitchen took place from his late residence, Boundary Road, on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Carscallen is visiting friends in Marlbank.

A SWEETHEART'S VALENTINE

I roll my chair up to the blaze
That fills my chamber with its glow,
And sit and dream of other days,
A half forgotten long ago;
And in my lap, unfolded, lies
A youthful treasure half divine,
As bright as were the sender's eyes,
For it is her old valentine

How fair the words which here appear
That cross the page she smiled upon!
I listen, for I seem to hear
The laugh which told her labor done.
A queer conceit? Perhaps to you
Came long ago the selfsame line:
"The rose is red, the violet's blue
Glows on my sweetheart's valentine

Why tell me that the rose was red?
So were her cheeks 'neath winter's skies,
The violet blushing in the bed,
Could not out-blue her radiant eyes;
Across the snow from rustic Miss
About whose name Love's tendrils twine,
Sir Cupid carried with a kiss
This quaint, perfumed old valentine.

The rose is just as red today
As when she penned her couplet true;
Though fade the hues of eyes away,
The violet remains as blue;
The years behind us only prove,
Despite their shadow and their shine,
That many a maiden's hopes and love
Went with ye olden valentine.

BATH.

Rev. Hope Swayne, of Milford, is visiting his parents, Rev. W. T. and Mrs. Swayne of this village.

Miss Gwen Wemp, R.N., of New York, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Wemp.

Miss Patience Williams has gone to spend the winter with friends in Kingston and vicinity.

Mrs. Fred Creighton, of Hawley is spending some time with her daughterd, Mrs. G. Loyst.

Miss Dorothy Osborne, nurse-in-training at Kingston General Hospital was a recent guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Osborne.

Miss Dorothy Scott, of Napanee spent a few days last week at H. B. Mott's.

Clarence Young made a flying visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Young, recently.

ROBLIN.

The Holiness Movement Convention closed on Sunday last, after running for five days. Great crowds attended all the services. Little Shirley Blanchard, infant daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Blanchard, was baptized at the afternoon service by the Rev. Pritchard, of Haley's, assisted by Rev. Campbell, of Ottawa.

Miss Mary Kimmett, of Toronto, spent a few days recently at her home here.

Mrs. Hawley Bradshaw is improving in the Kingston General Hospital, where she was taken on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Stewart, of Crow Lake, have taken up residence at Roblindale. Mr. Stewart being employed as operator for the G. P. R.

The Mission Circle was held in the Orange Hall on Friday evening last and was well attended.

Mrs. Nathan Reid and little son of Ivanhoe, are guests of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. T. A. Seale.

Try a Classified Adv. in The Napanee Express if you want results.

30 DESERONTO STUDENTS WRITE ESSAYS

If the younger generation is allowed any say in the matter, then determined efforts are going to be made, forthwith, to solve the problem of Canadian coal for Canadians. Narrowing it down even more, there will be exhaustive attempts to solve the difficulties which at present prevent western coal being put on the markets of central Canada.

At this particular moment, some hundreds of students throughout Ontario are making an intensive study of this particular aspect of the Dominion's natural resources. They are endeavoring to find out why Ontario is spending fifty-two million dollars a year on American coal and freight charges on it over American lines, when Alberta has millions of tons of fuel, mines with the most modern equipment and everything ready to ship trainload after trainload of it east as soon as there is peace.

This province-wide attention to the matter on the part of the growing citizen follows an essay contest on the subject of "Why Canadians Should Burn Canadian Coal." It is being sponsored by the Produced-in-Canada Committee, with the support of Premier Ferguson and the Ontario Department of Education. The prizes offered for the best seven essays total six hundred dollars.

The Produced-in-Canada Committee of Ontario announces that thirty Deseronto students and several sudents from Napanee, are taking part in the contest and from these essays the three best of Deseronto and the three best of Napanee will be selected and sent forward to represent Deseronto and Napanee and be judged by the Hon. Canon Cody, Brig.-Gen. Mitchell and Dr. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, for their standing in the province-wide contest.

SELBY.

A number of the villagers are getting their wood sawed.

The Kinship class of the United Church held a social evening on Wednesday last and presented their teacher, Mr. G. Richmond, with a lamp.

We are all glad to hear that Mr. W. Davis is improving at the General Hospital, Kingston.

The many friends here of Mrs. H. Bradshaw were sorry to hear of her illness. She is a patient at the General Hospital, Kingston. We hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. R. McCormick and son, Swayne, from the west are visiting friends around here.

COMING :-: EVENTS

DO NOT FORGET THE "SLICKERS" by the Community Players, at Wonderland Treatre, on February 15th.

A REGULAR MEETING OF THE Napanee Poultry Association will be held in the Agriculture Hall, on Monday, February 20th, at 8 p.m.

BOARD OF COMMERCE DINNER at Paisley House Friday evening, at 7.30. Prof. Bell, Kemptville, will be the principal speaker.

A DOUBLE-HEADER BASKETball games will be held in the Collegiate gymnasium on Wednesday evening, Feb. 15th. The first game will be called at 7.30 p.m.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

TWO MIRACLES OF POWER.

Sunday, Feb. 19.—Mark 4 : 35 to 5 : 20.

Golden Text—What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him ? (Mark 4 : 41).

The Titanic was called the unsinkable ship. In reckless disregard of caution and safety, it plowed its way into a mountain of ice ; and it went down never to rise again. But there have been unsinkable ships. They may not have been as well built as the Titanic, but they were safer. Noah's Ark was one of them. The little ship of which we read in this week's lesson, carrying Christ and His disciples, was another. It could not sink, because Christ was on board.

But the disciples thought it could. Night had come, then a great storm arose, the waves were pouring into the boat, and it was filling. Nor was it a time of imaginary danger ; there are few places on the earth's surface where the storms can be more sudden and violent than on the Sea of Galilee.

The Lord was divine, but He was also human, knowing weariness of the body in which He chose to live on earth. Physically exhausted after a long day of ministry, he was asleep on a pillow in the after part of the ship. "And they awake Him, and say unto Him, Master, carest Thou not that we perish ?"

Were they right in thus reproaching Him ? Is it ever right to reproach God, or the Son of God ? It was the cry of unbelief—and unbelief is always sin. These men had been with the Lord Jesus as He miraculously healed the sick, and cast out demons, and made the lepers clean ; and they said, "Carest Thou not that we perish" ! They were like the Israelites in the wilderness, after God had broken the bondage of Pharaoh for them, had led them miraculously and triumphantly through the Red Sea, had fed them with manna, but who, when they came to a place where there was no water to drink, cried out and asked Moses if they had been brought up out of Egypt so that they and their children and their cattle might be dying with thirst (Exod. 17 : 3). Have not we done as badly, after many evidences of God's love and care, when we have reproached Him in some time of testing ?

If the disciples had really trusted Christ just then, they would not have feared the storm. He did not fear it ; and if we are in His hands we need fear not, until He allows ! He "rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased and there was a great calm." The Creator can control that which He has created. Of Christ we read : "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made" (John 1 : 3). The Psalmist knew what God could do as he sang : "Thou rulest the raging of the sea : when the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them" (Psa. 89 : 9).

Then the Lord lovingly rebuked His disciples, asking them two questions : "Why are ye so fearful ? How is it that ye have no faith ?" Unbelief is bound to bring fear. Faith and cowardice cannot go together.

Christ had worked a miracle. What is a miracle ? Some are telling us that the Bible miracles are but results brought to pass by the use of cerain laws that men have not yet ascertained, but that we are moving nearer to a knowledge of these all the time. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The miracle is one of the manifestations of power that differentiates God from man Men can never work miracles by any progress in discover or advance in knowledge. True, God enabled certain men in Bible times to work miracles ; but it was an arbitrary exercise of divine supernatural power manifested for or through such men. The aeroplane, the submarine and the radio are not miracles ; they are natural discoveries. Miracles are always supernatural, beyond the power of men. The Gospels call them signs, or evidences of the Person and power of Christ. The other miracle in the lesson was Christ's control of evil spirits that had been controlling a helpless man. They were more than a match for the Gadarene dweller in the tombs ; but Christ was more than a match for them. Chains and fetters could not hold them ; but Christ could.

As Christ approached the wretched, tortured domoniac, an unclean spirit in him cried out : "What have I to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of the most high God ? I adjure Thee, by God, that Thou torment me not." Evil spirits knew who Christ is, and know His authority over them, and their coming doom at His hands. In the parallel passage in Matthew 8 : 29, the demon cries out to Christ : "Art Thou come hither to torment us before the time" ? In Luke's account (8 : 31) the demons "besought Him that He would not command them to go out into the deep,"—evidently fearing imprisonment in the bottomless pit to which Satan will be consigned (Rev. 20 : 3).

As these evil spirits were commanded by the Lord to leave the man whom they were possessing, they asked and received permission to enter into a great herd of swine near by. It did them little good, as the swine rushed into the sea and were drowned. But the demoniac was freed. People who had known him as a savage, insane, and dangerous character found him "sitting and clothed and in his right mind." What an emancipation day it was for him !

Then a strange thing happened. The men of that country, learning the whole story, begged the Lord Jesus to leave their coasts. A man had been saved, in spirit, soul and body ; but a herd of swine had been lost ; and the men preferred the swine to the presence of Christ. Is it not always so when we prefer sin to God's company.

Here and There

Winnipeg.—The British boy immigration scheme has been adopted by the Manitoba Provincial Government, and about fifty lads will be brought here this year for placement on farms in the province, Dr. A. Prefontaine, Minister of Immigration, announced. First, the boys will be placed at the Manitoba Agriculture College for preliminary training in farm work.

Calgary.—Two commercial airplane transport projects are being developed in Calgary. One calls for the use of airplanes carrying twelve persons each, to be used principally for passenger, freight and mail traffic between Calgary and Edmonton; the other calls for lighter machines, two or three passengers, for Calgary-Edmonton and mountain flight purposes.

All the way from Camrose, Alta., to Glasgow, Scotland, unaccompanied, a distance of approximately 5,000 miles is the journey of Donald James Campbell, nine years of age. He took the All-Red route of the C.P.R. across the Dominion to Saint John, where he embarked on the liner Montclare bound for Glasgow. He is visiting his aunt, who lives in Busby, Glasgow.

All previous records in connection with the westbound movement of grain to Vancouver for Canadian Pacific Railway lines were broken during the first two weeks in January, according to T. R. Purcell, superintendent of transportation, western lines of the company. Deliveries at Vancouver by the Canadian Pacific during the fortnight in question totalled approximately 22,500,000 bushels of grain.

Calgary.—Farm land values in Southern Alberta are tending to become firm as the result of the series of good crops, and the consequent farm acreage have been received in the last few months, according to real estate men, than in any similar period in the past five or six years. Farms offered for sale last spring at $15 per acre and bringing no offers are selling now for from $20 to $25 per acre. The demand for farms both for purchase and rental is decidedly strong.

In recognition of the fine work by officers of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian National during the last summer tour of the second triennial Empire Mining and Metallurgical Congress, presentations of gold and enamel cuff links were made recently, to fifteen employees of both companies, at a dinner held in Montreal. E. W. Beatty, president of the C.P.R. and Sir Henry Thornton of the C.N.R. were both present.

Snowshoe week in Quebec got away to a good start when several thousand members of the Raquette Clubs paraded the streets of the old city and later some 1,200 snowshoers in full winter festival costume made an attack on the walls defended by the garrison and illuminated by a brilliant fireworks display. The chief center of interest there is the International Dog Derby, which is to be staged shortly and for this, visitors from the entire Dominion and the United States are flocking to Quebec, taxing the Chateau Frontenac to its full capacity. (8)

PREPARATION FOR INCUBATION WORK

(Experimental Farm Notes).

Many are of the opinion that preparing for incubation work is only getting a nest ready for the broody hen or lighting the lamp of an incubator. Instead the preparation should commence before the hatching season. From results of actual tests at the Kentville Experimental Station, it has been proven that almost without exception, the chicks from matured hens will be much stronger and develop faster, than those from pullets during their first year of production. It is therefore to be recommended that vigorous healthy birds, which have been good producers during their first laying, be selected about October or November, and that these be given a ration which will be most conducive to health without forcing egg production until nearer the hatching season. It is also advisable to make another selection of these birds just previous to hatching season in order to have only the best from which to select eggs for incubation.

Furthermore much depends upon a rigid selection of the eggs for hatching purposes. By using uniform, strong shelled, well shaped eggs, the percentage of chicks hatched is increased and thereby the cost of hatching chicks is reduced. The storing of the eggs for hatching is also responsible for much of the variation noted in hatching results. Overheating the eggs, or keeping them too long before incubating, is very detrimental to best results. Whereas, great chilling is detrimental to hatchability, eggs will even stand freezing temperature for short periods without effecting hatching results.

The next step in preparation might be the securing of a suitable place for incubation work, whether by broody hens or by incubator. For broody hens, a separate room, well disinfected and free from vermin, must be provided. Dust the birds with some good vermin powder, to remove them at night to their new clean nests. For hatching by incubators, it has been proved that a clean, well ventilated cellar, is much better than an upstairs room for locating the incubator. The moisture of a cellar helps to reduce the percentage of death in shell. All incubators should be thoroughly disinfected before each hatch, and should be in good working order before being intrusted with good hatching eggs.

In summarizing, let us suggest that if more attention were given to preparation for incubation, many of the losses during incubation could be considerably reduced.

AN EARLY SWEET CORN

For anumber of years the Experimental Farms have been endeavoring to bring out improved varieties of table corn. By cross breeding the Golden Bantam with some earlier varieties, a new sort, called Banting, has been brought out that is particularly adaptable to northern areas, but equally useful in all parts of Canada. It not only possesses the delicious qualities of the Golden Bantam, but it has a longer season of growth, inasmuch as the ears can be brought to maturity two weeks earlier than the old variety.

PERMANENT PASTURES

(Experimenta Farms Note.)

There are many farms in Eastern Canada that have considerable areas that are stony, have steep slopes or are too far from the farmstead to be economically worked in the regular farm rotation. Such areas frequently have shade and are well watered, which make ideal conditions for permanent pastures for cattle and sheep When these areas are in sod they can frequently be greatly improved by judicious grazing. Cattle should not be allowed on them early in the spring before the grass has been established, nor allowed to punch them up during the wet weather in the autumn. They should not be over-grazed during hot, dry weather. The manure dropped the previous autumn by stock should be scattered in the spring. A brush harrow can be used for rough grounds.

Some weeds can be controlled by cutting at intervals. Most of the broad leaved weeds can be destroyed or greatly checked by an application of 200 pounds of sulphate of ammonia per acre, in the form of a spray by dissolving it in from 60 to 80 gallons of water. This should be sprayed on just as the weeds come in bloom.

When such lands have to be broken to kill weeds one for other reasons, it is well to have them summer fallowed and worked into as fine a state of tilth as possible, for most grass seeds are very small and do best with a nurse crop. There are many grass mixtures recommended for permanent pastures. But type of soil, and the lay of the field should be deciding factors. The following turf and bunch grasses, as they mature at different seasons are suggested : Meadow fescue, Orchard grass, Kentucky blue, Timoth and Red top, these with white dutch clover do well on most Eastern Canadian soils. Many other grasses and clovers do well when they have conditions that suit their special requirements.

Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE

PRUNING THE TREE FRUITS

(Experimental Farms Note.)

During the winter months, when weather permits, pruning operations can be conducted so that by early spring this part of the orchard programme may be completed. Inexperienced growers frequently fear the use of the pruning knife during the winter, but all fears on this score may be laid aside and the work proceeded with as soon as the trees are in a perfectly dormant condition.

As pruning is pretty much a matter of judgment it is rather difficult to tell in a few words just what to do. In the bearing orchard, which usually presents the heaviest task, growth is pretty much the deciding factor. I have before me now some prize bearing apple wood sent in by an orchardist, which consists of twigs only one inch long. This tree is in need of a pretty severe heading back if it is to be expected to continue to fruit. A full bearing tree should be producing at least six inches of good, stout growth each year on a large part of its surface. If it is not doing that it needs a little stimulating when heading back and fertilizer.

Then as I look out of the window I see several trees that have made little too much growth this last year and these will have to be thinned out—probably one-half of the new wood taken out and some of the more rangey growth cut back to keep the tree within bounds.

A certain amount of pruning is required practically every year and a tree that gets a severe pruning this season will need some attention next, but if the grower watches them yearly he will not be required at any time to give a tree such a shock that will be thrown out of bearing. If it is remembered that there is no magic in pruning, but that it is performed to keep trees within bounds, to admit light and to enable the formation of some new fruiting wood the pruner with a little judgment will not go far astray.

The young tree is quite a different proposition. Here the grower is really planning for the future, to avoid future trouble and loss by the breaking down of the trees. Probably the best form to aim at is a modified central leader, which is obtained by allowing the original central leader or whip to grow to a height of four or five feet, with lateral branches radiating from it. Then instead of permitting the leader to grow indefinitely it is cut off at that point and the five or six branches permitted to form the head of the tree.

Further information on pruning of the apple may be had by applying for Bulletin No. 18 from the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, or on plums by getting Bulletin No. 45 from the some source

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.
ROBT. LIGHT.
4tf

So far—and yet so near!

"I must call John by Long Distance and let him know I got here all right. Then neither of us will be worrying. It's wonderful to be able to visit you like this, and yet keep as close touch with home as if I were there. What must it have been like in the old days, before Long Distance made it possible?"

"I'll place the call for you while you are taking off your wraps."

"That will be fine. Just ask for our number, 124, so I'll get the cheaper Station-to-Station rate. In a couple of days I'll call up again, in the evening, so I can have a few words with the children, too. The Evening Rate after 8.30 is really very low."

"Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station."

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CLEANING AND GRADING OF CLOVER SEED

E(xperimental Farms Note.)

The production of clover seed in Northern Ontario is increasing every year. Many of the settlers are finding this an excellent cash crop with which to supplement the revenue obtained from the sale of live stock, and other farm products.

No matter how successful the farmer may be in the production of clover seed he cannot hope to obtain maximum returns unless this seed is properly cleaned and graded, so that it may be legally sold under the Seed Control Act. It is true that the seeds of many of the weeds that grow in red and alsike clover are of such size that they are somewhat difficult to remove by the sieves in an ordinary fanning mill. It is often possible to obtain from the manufacturer a few special sieves for this work which will soon pay for themselves in efficiency of the work done.

No ordinary fanning mill, however, can be expected to do as good work in cleaning these small seeds as a properly equipped and operated power cleaner. In any section where the production of clover seed is being featured by the farmers, the installing of one of these machines on a co-operative basis should prove a good investment.

At the Dominion Experimental Station, Kapuskasing, Ontario, where one of these machines is installed for custom cleaning, it has been found to do very excellent work in cleaning small seeds.

After a farmer has had his clover seed properly cleaned it is necessary to send samples of the seed to the Seed Branch at Ottawa, for grading. When the grade is received the seed may be placed on the market and will always bring a much better price than will the ungraded product as it comes from the threshing mill.

MORE FICTION THAN TRUTH.

Record Year for Publishers In Britain —13,810 New Books.

A greater number of books were produced in 1927 than in any year in the history of British publishing.

The total recorded by the Publishers' Circular is 13,810. This is 1,011 more than in the troubled year of 1926, and 1,685 more than in the previous record year of 1925.

The bulk of the year's increase, says the Circular, is in new editions, of which 666 more appeared in 1927 than in 1926. This suggests that the number of books with sufficient vitality for a re-appearance is increasing.

By far the greatest increases are shown in:

Juvenile literature	412
Fiction	404
Religion	137
Poetry and drama	89
Medicine	73
Education	57
Descriptive and travel.....	52

The biggest decrease is in technology 124, history 40, fine arts 48, and law 36.

The abnormal proportion of fiction has been even more striking during the year, the total being 3,368. Fiction and juvenile, taken together, account for 34 per cent. of the year's total.

Photograph Too Small to Be Seen.

The smallest photograph in the world so tiny as to be invisible to the naked eye was on exhibition at the Royal Photographic Society in London. In the centre of a little piece of glass is a minute circle; in the middle of the circle is an infinitesimal speck, which is hidden to the naked eye. Under a microscope, however, one sees a photo of Niepce, one of the inventors of photography, taken by Prof. Goldberg.

Nova Scotia's Products.

Products of Nova Scotia in 1927 are estimated to have yielded $180,000,000, in which farm products accounted for $38,000,000; coal $32,200,000; forest products $15,500,000, tourist traffic $11,344,000, and the fisheries $9,500,000.

ARE NOT "SILLY ASSES"

Donkeys Have Extremely Sensitive Natures—Ill-Treatment Dulls Their Wits.

To say "Stupid as an ass," or similar expressions, is a great mistake, according to Joseph Porter, an eminent British trainer of animals in an article in the London Express. Donkeys, he says, have extremely sensitive natures, and ill-treatment dulls their wits and makes them appear stupid.

Mr. Porter's famous donkey, Jack, who is now dead, was more clever than all the ponies, horses, goats, dogs, and others that comprised his menagerie. Jack could add up figures correctly, play a hand of whist and never lose, wrestle with a man and throw him, and do many tricks which a horse, credited with superior intelligence, could not do.

"The secret of training animals rests in the one word kindness. Nothing can be done by cruelty. Gain the animal's confidence and love, and it is possible to make him do anything," said Mr. Porter.

Two boxing dogs were the one-time favorites of Mr. Porter. They would enter the ring and spar together in the professional manner, and return to their respective corners when the gong was wrung signifying the end of a round.

"The dogs were trained to the sound of the gong, and knew exactly what they had to do when it was sounded. After the dogs had boxed for two or three rounds I would make a clinking sound with my thumbnail against the tail of the second finger. The sound was scarcely audible, but dogs have an acute sense of hearing. It was a signal for one of the dogs to fall down and lie still as if knocked out. The dog who had been coaxed with sugar and cake to do this trick never failed."

Ponies which high-jumped over the backs of other ponies, sat up and begged, and even sang to the accompaniment of the piano featured in the menagerie.

"Ponies are taught to perform by a certain inflection of the voice and movement of the hands. Just the slightest movement of the finger following a few words said in a certain tone gives the animals the clue to his next movement."

Mr. Porter considers the goats are perhaps the easiest of all animals to train. They possess the quality of being able to imitate the human actions.

"My goat would apparently sneeze to order for me, but not until I had made a noise as if clearing my throat. That was the secret, and few people ever discovered it."

Mr. Porter tells an amusing story about a pony who misunderstood the given signal and did the wrong thing.

"I trained a pony seemingly to disobey a command, and at a given cough shake his head and kick out. Of course, I was well out of the way. One day, however, I had a bad cold, and coughed just as I was going to give the signal for Bill to stand up on his hind legs. The result was that Bill mistook the signal, shook his head, and kicked out. I was standing behind him, and received a kick on the knee. The audience were sympathetic, but the other trainers present who knew the trick, thoroughly enjoyed the joke.

"There are some trainers who train their animals with the whip The best results are obtained only through kindness. Animals are like children. They want understanding."

Mr. Porter has lived all his life in Dorchester, surrounded by his animals. He was Mayor of Dorchester for three years in succession.

Toronto's Population.

Toronto's population is estimated at 569,899 in the report of the city assessors. This is an increase of about 13,000 for the year.

PREPARING LAND FOR CELERY

(Experimental Farms Note).

Deep, rich loamy soils are preferred for celery, though very good crops can be grown on light soils and on muck or swamp soils provided plenty of moisture is supplied in the first instance and drainage in the second. Celery is a moisture loving plant and a light feeder The soil best should be located near a water supply so that it may be easily available during a dry season. Celery once checked or stunted seldom recovers.

In choosing a location for the celery bed any well-worked garden or root land that was deeply worked and heavily manured the previous season would be suitable. The early celery is grown in trenches four feet apart with the plants eight inches in the row. The main crop celery is grown in trenches five feet apart in double alternate rows with eight inches between the plants in the row. These trenches are prepared just as early in the season as possible so that they may be ready as soon as the plants are large enough to be transplanted from the hot beds.

The trenches are dug eighteen inches wide and from twelve to fourteen inches deep. The rich surface soil is all placed on one side of the trench at the time of trenching the bottom of the trench is filled with three to four inches of well rotted mixed stable manure. The trench is then filled to within two inches of the surface with the rich surface soil, leaving the sub-soil between the trenches for earthing up the celery when the time comes for blanching.

Blanching by earthing up is much cheaper than when boards are used and is much more satisfactory than any other method. Side shoots and withered leaves should be removed when plants are nine inches high Blanch by drawing fine clay around the base of the plants during fine bright weather. Press soil against plants but do not allow it to get into the heart. Continue to earth at intervals until the trenches between drills are from three to four feet deep.

Windshield and car door glass any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 34

Hydro-Power Equipment.

During the year 1927 hydro-power equipment was installed in Canada ready for operation to the extent of more than 221,000 h.p. In addition other undertakings were advanced to such a stage that a further total of 378,000 h.p. will be in place during the first six or seven months of 1928, thus bringing the total by the middle of the year to more than 5,100,000 horsepower.

Our Postal System.

In addition to 12,370 post offices in Canada, there are 3,784 rural mail routes on which are 199,470 mail boxes. The Canadian post office system embraces a territory more extensive than that of any other system in the world except the United States and Russia.

Poultry Pools.

Joining together under the title of the Canadian Co-operative Poultry Producers, Limited, the Manitoba and Saskatchewan Poultry Pools have become one.

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The FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A ROMANCE OF THE BEAR TOOTH RANGE

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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"I reckon the less said about it the better," responded the older man. "I'm going up to the camp, but not to talk about my daughter."

"How can you help it? They'll force the topic."

"If they do I'll force them to let it alone," retorted McFarlane, but he went away disappointed and sorrowful.

When the supervisor returned from the camp something in his manner revealed the fact that the situation had not improved.

"They forced me into a corner," he said peevishly. "I lied out of one night, but they know that you were here last night. Of course they were respectful enough so long as I had an eye on them, but their tongues are wagging now."

As bedtime drew near Settle took a blanket and went to the corral, and Berrie insisted that the father and Wayland occupy the bunk.

Norcross protested, but the supervisor said: "Let her alone. She's better able to sleep on the floor than either of us."

This was perfectly true; but, in spite of his bruised and aching body, the youth would gladly have taken her place beside the stove. It seemed pitifully unjust that she should have this physical hardship in addition to her uneasiness of mind.

Beres suffered a restless night, the most painful and broken she had known in all her life. She acknowledged that Slona Moore was prettier and that she stood more nearly on Wayland's plane than herself, but the realization of this fact did not bring surrender. She was not of that temper. All her life she had been called upon to combat the elements, to hold her own amid rude men and inconsiderate women, and she had no intention of yielding her place to a pert coquette, no matter what the gossips might say.

"She shall not have her way with Wayland," she decided. "I know what she wants—she wants him at her side tomorrow. But I will not have it so. She is trying to get him away from me."

Then more she lay still on this matter her jealous fever burned. The floor on which she lay was full of knots. She could not lose herself in sleep, tired as she was. The planks no longer turned their soft spots to her flesh, and she rolled from side to side in torment.

Her plan of action was simple. "I shall go home tomorrow and take Wayland with me. I will not have him going with that girl; that's settled."

The hard trip of the day before had seemingly done him no permanent injury. On the contrary, a few hours' rest had almost restored him to his normal self. "Tomorrow he will be able to ride again." And this thought reconciled her to her hard bed. She did not look beyond the long, delicious day which they must spend in returning to the Springs.

She fell asleep at last and was awakened only by her father tinkering about the stove.

CHAPTER XI.

The Camp on the Pass.

As soon as she was alone with her father Berrie said, "I'm going home today, dad."

"Going home! What for?"

"I've had enough of it."

He glanced at her bed on the floor. "I can't say I blame you any."

"Oh, I don't mind sleeping on the floor," she replied. "But I want to get back. I don't want to meet those women. Another thing, you'd better use Mr. Norcross at the Springs instead of leaving him here with Tony."

"Why so?"

"Well, he isn't quite well enough to run the risk. It's a long way from here to a doctor."

"He 'pears to be on deck this morning. Besides, I haven't anything in the office to offer him."

"Then send him up to Meeker. Landon needs help, and he's a better forester than Tony anyway."

"I don't know but you're right. Landon is almost as good a hustler as Tony and a much better forester. I thought of sending Norcross up there at first, but he told me that Frank and his gang had it in for him. Of course he's only nominally in the service, but I want him to begin right."

Berrie went further. "I want him to ride back with me today."

He looked at her with grave inquiry. "Do you think that a wise thing to do? Won't that make more talk?"

"We'll start early and ride straight through."

"You'll have to go by Lost lake, and that means a long, hard hike. Can he stand it?"

"If I find we can't make it I'll put into a ranch. But I'm sure we can."

When Wayland came in the supervisor inquired, "Do you feel able to ride back over the hill today?"

"Entirely so. It isn't the riding that uses me up, it is the walking, and, besides, as a candidate for promotion I must obey orders—especially orders to march."

They breakfasted hurriedly and while McFarlane and Tony were bringing in the horses Wayland and Berrie set the cabin to rights. Working thus side by side, she recovered her dominion over him and at the same time regained her own cheerful self confidence.

"You're a wonder!" he exclaimed as he watched her deft adjustment of the dishes and furniture. "You're said dextrous."

"I have to be to hold my job," she laughingly replied. "A feller must play all the parts when he's up here."

It was still early morning as they mounted and set off up the trail, but Moore's camp was astir, and as McFarlane turned in—much against Berrie's will—the lumberman and his daughter both came out to meet them. "Come in and have some breakfast," said Slona, with cordial inclusiveness, while her eyes met Wayland's glance with mocking glee.

"Thank you," said McFarlane, "we can't stop. I'm going to set my daughter over the divide. She has had enough camping, and Norcross is pretty well battered up, so I'm going to help them across. I'll be back tonight and we'll take our turn up the valley tomorrow. Nash will be here then."

"You're a wonder!" he exclaimed.

Berrie did not mind her father's explanation. On the contrary, she took a distinct pleasure in letting the other girl know of the long and intimate day she was about to spend with her young lover.

Slona, too adroit to display her disappointment, expressed polite regret. "I hope you won't get storm bound," she said, showing her white teeth in a meaning smile.

"If there is any sign of a storm we won't cross," declared McFarlane. "We're going round by the lower pass, anyhow. If I'm not here by dark you may know I've stayed to set 'em down at the mill."

There was charm in Slona's alert poise and in the neatness of her camp dress. Her dainty feet, with its stools and rugs, made the wilderness seem but a park. She reminded Norcross of the troops of tourists of the Tyrol, and her tent was of a kind to harmonize with the tea houses on the path to the summit of the Matterhorn. Then, too, something triumphantly feminine shone in her bright eyes and glowed in her softly rounded cheeks. Her hand was little and pointed, not fitted like Berrie's for tightening a cinch or wielding an ax, and as he said "Goodby" he added, "I hope I shall see you again soon," and at the moment he meant it.

"We'll return to the Springs in a few days," she replied. "Come and see us. Our bungalow is on the other side of the river. And you too," she addressed Berrie, but her tone was so conventionally polite that the ranch girl, burning with jealousy, took no reply.

McFarlane led the way to the lake rapidly and in silence. The splendors of the foliage, subdued by the rains, the grandeur of the peaks, the song of the glorious stream, all were lost on Berrie, for she now felt herself to be nothing but a big, clumsy, coarse bold tomboy. Her worn gloves, her faded skirt and her man's shoes had been made hateful to her by that smug, graceful, play acting tourist with the cool, keen eyes and smirking lips. "She pretends to be a kitten, but she isn't. She's a sly grownup cat," she bitterly accused, but she could not deny the charm of her personality.

Wayland was forced to acknowledge that Berrie in this dark mood was not the delightful companion she had hitherto been. Something sweet and confiding had gone out of their relationship, and he was too keen witted not to know what it was. He estimated precisely the value of the malicious parting word of Slona Moore.

That Berrie was suffering and that her jealousy touchingly proved the depth of her love for him brought no elation, only perplexity. He was not seeking such devotion. As a companion on the trail she had been a joy; as a jealous sweetheart she was less admirable. He realized perfectly that this return journey was of her arrangement, not McFarlane's, and while he was not resentful of her care, he was in doubt of the outcome. It hurried him into a further intimacy which might prove embarrassing.

At the camp by the lake the supervisor became sharply commanding. "Now, let's throw these packs on lively. It will be slippery on the high trail, and you'll just naturally have to hit leather hard and keep jouncing if you reach the wagon road before dark. But you'll make it."

"Make it!" said Berrie. "Of course we'll make it. Don't you worry about that for a minute. Once I get out of the green timber the dark won't worry me. We'll push right through."

In packing the camp stuff on the saddles Berrie, almost as swift and powerful as her father, acted with perfect understanding of every task, and Wayland's admiration of her skill increased mightily.

She insisted on her father's turning back. "We don't need you," she said. "I can find the pass."

McFarlane's faith in his daughter had been tested many times, and yet he was a little loath to have her start off on a trail new to her. He argued against it briefly, but she laughed at his fears. "I can go anywhere you can," she said. "Mind your own!" With final admonition he stood clear.

"Goodby," he called. "If you meet Nash hurry him along. Moore is anxious to run those lines. Keep in touch with Landon, and if anybody turns up from the district office say I'll be back on Friday. Good luck!"

"Same to you. So long!"

Beres led the way, and Norcross fell in behind the pack horses, feeling as unimportant as a small boy at the heels of a circus parade. His girl captain was so competent, so self reliant and so sure that nothing he could say or do assisted in the slightest degree. Her leadership was a curiously close reproduction of her father's unhurried and graceful action. Her seat in the saddle was as easy as Landon's, and her eyes were alert to every rock and stream in the road. She was at home here, where the other girl would have been a bewildered child, and his guide was too great a person for any worry over the pass, and he amused himself by watching the water robins as they flitted from stone to stone in the torrent, and in calculating just where he would drop a line for trout if he had time to do so, and in recovered serenity enjoyed his ride. Gradually he put aside his perplexities concerning the future, permitting his mind to prefigure nothing but his duties with Landon at Meeker's mill.

He was rather glad of the decision to send him there, for it promised absorbing sport. "I shall see how Landon and Belden work out their problem," he said. He had no fear of Frank Meeker now. "As a forest guard with official duties to perform I can meet that young savage on other and more nearly equal terms," he assured himself.

The trail grew slippery and in places ran full of water. "But there's a bottom somewhere," Berrie confidently declared, and pushed ahead with resolute men. It was noon when they rose above timber and entered upon the wide, smooth slopes of the pass. Snow filled the grass here, and the wind, keen, cutting, unhindered, came out of the desolate west with savage fury, but the sun occasionally shone through the clouds with vivid spleen color. "It is December now," shouted Wayland as he put on his slicker and cowered low to his saddle. "It will be January soon."

"We will make it Christmas dinner," she laughed, and her glowing good humor warmed his heart. She was entirely her cheerful self again.

As they rose the view became magnificent, wintry, sparkling. The great clouds, drifting like ancient warships heavy with armament, sent down chill showers of hail over the frosted gold of the grassy slopes, but when the shadows passed the sunlight descended in silent currents deliciously spring like. The conies squeaked from the rocky ridges and a brace of eagles circling about a lone crag, as if exulting in their sovereign mastery of the air, screamed in shrill ecstatic duo. The sheer cliffs on their shadowed sides were violently purple. Everywhere the landscape exhibited crushing contrasts of primary pigments which bit into consciousness like the flare of a martial band.

It was nearly 2 o'clock when they began to drop down behind the rocky ridges of the eastern slope, and soon, in the bottom of a warm and sheltered hollow just at timber line, Berrie drew her horse to stand and slipped from the saddle. "We'll rest here an hour," she said, "and cook our grouse, or are you too hungry to wait?"

"I can wait," he answered dramatically. "But it seems as if I had never eaten."

"Well, then, we'll save the grouse till tomorrow, but I'll make some coffee. You bring some water while I start a fire."

And so, while the tired horses cropped the russet grass, she boiled some coffee and laid out some bread and meat, while he sat by watching her and absorbing the beauty of the scene, the charm of the hour. "It is exactly like a warm afternoon in April," he said, "and here are some of the spring flowers."

"There now, sit by and eat," she said, with humor, and in perfectly restored tranquility they ate and drank, with no thought of critics or of rivals. They were alone, and content to be so. It was deliciously sweet and restful there in that sunny hollow on the breast of the mountain. The wind swept through the worn branches of the dwarfed spruce with immemorial wistfulness, but these young souls heard it only as a far off song. Side by side on the soft Alpine clover they rested and talked, looking away at the shining peaks, and down over the dark green billows of fir beneath them. Half the forest was under their eyes at the moment, and the man said: "Is it not magnificent! It makes me proud of my country. Just think, all this glorious spread of hill and valley is under your father's direction, may be under your direction, for I notice he does just about what you tell him to do."

"You've noticed that?" she laughed. "If I were a man I'd rather be supervisor of this forest than congressman."

"So would I," he agreed. "Nash says you are the supervisor. I wonder if your father realizes how efficient you are? Does he ever sorrow over your not being a boy?"

Her eyes shone with mirth. "Not that I can notice. He 'pears contented."

"You're a good deal like a son to him, I imagine. You can do about all that a boy can do, anyhow—more than I could ever do. Does he realize how much you have to do with the management of his forest? I've never seen your like. I really believe you could carry on this forest as well as he."

She flushed with pleasure. "You seem to think I'm a district forester in disguise."

"I have eyes. Miss Supervisor, and also ears, which leads me to ask, Why don't you clean out that saloon gang? Landon is sure there's crooked work going on at that mill—certainly that open bar is a disgraceful and corrupting thing."

Her face clouded. "We've tried to get out that saloon, but it can't be done. You see, it's on a patented claim. The claim was bogus, of course, and we've made complaint, but the matter is hung up and that gives them a right to go on."

"Well, let's not talk of that. It's too delicious an hour for any question of business. It is a moment for poetry. I wish I could write what I feel this moment. Why don't we camp here and watch the sun go down and the moon rise? From our lofty vantage ground the coming of dawn would be an epic."

"We mustn't think of that," she protested. "We must be going."

"Not yet. The hour is too perfect. It may never come again. The wind in the pines, the sunshine, the cones crying from their rocks, the butterflies on the clover—my heart aches with the beauty of it. It's been a wonderful trip. Even that staggering walk in the rain had its splendid quality. I couldn't see the poetry in it then, but I do now. These few days have made us comrades, haven't they—comrades of the trail?"

CHAPTER XII.

The Death Grapple.

"YOU have been very considerate of me, Miss Supervisor," Wayland took her hand. "I've never seen such hands. They are like steel and yet they are feminine."

She drew her hands away. "I'm ashamed of my hands—they are so big and rough and dingy."

"They're brown, of course, and callused—a little—but they are not big and they are beautifully modeled." He looked at the girl of the forest speculatively. "I am wondering how you would look in conventional dress."

"Do you mean"— She hesitated. "I'd look like a gawk in one of those low necked outfits. I'd never dare—and those tight skirts would give cripple me."

"Oh, no, they wouldn't. You'd have to modify your stride a little, but you'd negotiate it. You're equal to anything."

"You're making fun of me!"

"No, I'm not. I'm in earnest. You're the kind of American girl that can go anywhere and do anything. My sisters would mortgage their share of the golden streets for your abounding health—and you would I."

"You are all right now," she smiled. "You don't look or talk as you did."

"It's this sunlight." He lifted a spread hand as if to clutch and hold something. "I feel it soaking into me like some magical oil. No more moping and whining for me. I've proved that hardship is good for me."

"Don't crow till you're out of the woods. It's a long ride down the hill and going down is harder on the tenderfoot than going up."

"I'm no longer a tenderfoot. All I need is another trip like this with you and I shall be a master trailer."

All this was very sweet to her, and though she knew they should be going she lingered. Childishly reckless of the sinking sun, she played with the wild flowers at her side and listened to his voice in complete content. He was right. The hour was too beautiful to be shortened, although she saw no reason why others equally delightful might not come to them both. He was right, the lover than he had ever been before, that she knew, and in the light of his eyes all that was not girlish and charming melted away. She forgot her heavy shoes, her rough hands and sun tanned face and listened with wondering joy and pride to his words, which were of a fineness such as she had never heard spoken—only books contained such unusual and exquisite phrases.

A cloud passing across the sun flung down a shadow of portentous chill and darkness. She started to her feet with startled recollection of the place and the hour.

"We must be going—at once!" she commanded.

"Not yet," he pleaded. "It's only a cloud. The sun is coming out again. I have perfect confidence in your woodcraft. Why not spend another night on the trail? It may be our last trip together."

He tempted her strongly, so frank and boyish and lovable were his glances and his words. But she was vaguely afraid of herself, and though the long ride at the end was terribly hard and dull the thought of her mother waiting decided her action.

"No, no!" she responded firmly. "We have wasted too much time already. We must ride."

He looked up at her with challenging glance. "Suppose I refuse—suppose I decide to stay here?"

Upon her as he talked a sweet bewitchment like a dream which held more of happiness than she had ever known. "It is a long, hard ride," she thought, "and another night on the trail will not matter." And so the moments passed on velvet feet, and still she lingered, reluctant to break the spell.

Suddenly into their idyllic drowse of content, so sweet, so youthful and so pure of heart, broke the sound of a horse's hurrying, clashing steel shod feet, and, looking up, Berrie saw a mounted man coming down the mountain side with furious, reckless haste.

"It is Cliff!" she cried out. "He's on our trail!" And into her face came a look of alarm. Her lips paled; her eyes widened. "He's mad—he's dangerous! Leave him to me," she added.

There was something so sinister in the rider's disregard of stone and tree and gate, something so menacing in the forward thrust of his body, that Berrie was able to divine his wrath and was smitten into irresolution, all her manly, British self reliance swallowed up in the weakness of the woman. She forgot the pistol at her belt and awaited the assault with rigid pose.

As Belden neared them Norcross also perceived that the rider's face was distorted with passion and that his glance was not directed upon Berrie, but upon himself, and he braced himself for the attack.

Leaving his saddle with one flying leap, which the cowboy practices at play, Belden hurled himself upon his rival with the fury of a panther.

The slender youth went down before the big rancher as though struck by a catapult, and the force of his fall against the stony earth stunned him so that he lay beneath his enemy as helpless as a child.

Belden snarled between his teeth, "I told you I'd kill you, and I will!"

But this was not to be. Beres suddenly recovered her native force. With a cry of pain, of anger, she flung herself on the maddened man's back. Her hands encircled his neck like a collar of bronze.

"Let go!" she commanded, with deadly intensity. "Let go or I'll choke the life out of you! Let go, I say!"

He raised a hand to beat her off, but she was too strong, too desperate to be driven away. She was as blind to pain as a mother eagle and bent above him so closely that he could not bring the full weight of his fist to bear. With one determined hand still clutching his throat, she ran the fingers of her other hand into his hair and twisted his head upward with a power which he could not resist. And so, looking into his upturned ferocious eyes, she repeated with remorseless fury, "Let go, I say!"

His swollen face grew rigid, his mouth gaped, his tongue protruded, and at last, releasing his hold on his victim, he rose, flinging Berrie off with a final desperate effort. "I'll kill you, too," he gasped.

Up to this moment the girl had felt no fear of herself, but now she resorted to other weapons. Snatching her pistol from its holster, she leveled it at his forehead. "Stop!" she said, and something in her voice froze him into stone. He was not a fiend; he was not a deliberate assassin; he was only a jealous, despairing, insane lover, and as he looked into the face he knew so well and realized that nothing but hate and deadly resolution lit the eyes he had so often kissed his heart gave way, and, dropping his head, he said: "Kill me if you want to. I've nothing left to live for."

There was something unreal, appalling in this sudden reversion to weakness, and Berrie could not credit his remorse. "Give me your gun," she said.

He surrendered it to her, and she threw it aside, then turned to Wayland, who was lying white and still with face upturned to the sky. With a moan of anguish she bent above him and called upon his name. He did not stir, and when she lifted his head to her lap his hair, streaming with blood, stained her dress. She kissed him and called again to him, then turned with seeming frenzy to Belden: "You've killed him! Do you hear? You've killed him!"

The agony, the fury of hate in her voice reached the heart of the conquered man. He raised his head and stared at her with mingled fear and remorse. And so across that limp body these two souls, so lately lovers, looked into each other's eyes as though nothing but words of hate and loathing had ever passed between them. The girl saw in him only a savage, vengeful, bloodthirsty beast; the man confronted in her an accusing angel.

"I didn't mean to kill him," he muttered.

Belden snarled between his teeth, "I told you I'd kill you, and I will!"

"Yes, you did! You meant it. You crushed his life out with your big hands—and now I'm going to kill you for it!"

A fierce calm had come upon her. Some faroff ancestral deep of passion called for blood revenge. She lifted the weapon with steady hand and pointed it at his heart.

His fear passed as his wrath had passed. His head drooped, his glance wavered. "Shoot!" he commanded sullenly. "I'd sooner die than live—now."

His words, his tone, brought back to her a vision of the man he had seemed when she first met and admired him. Her hand fell, the woman in her reasserted itself. A wave of weakness, of indecision, of passionate grief overwhelmed her. "Oh, Cliff!" she moaned. "Why did you do it? He was so gentle and sweet."

He did not answer. His glance wandered to his horse, serenely cropping the grass in utter disregard of this tumultuous human drama, but the wind, less insensate than the brute, swept through the grove of dwarfed, distorted pines with a desolate, sympathetic moan which filled the man's heart with a new and exalted sorrow. "You're right," he said. "I was crazy. I deserve killing."

But Berrie was now too deep in her own desolation to care what he said or did. She kissed the cold lips of the still youth, murmuring passionately, "I don't care to live without you; I shall go with you!"

Belden's hand was on her wrist before she could raise the weapon. "No, for God's sake; don't do that! He may not be dead!"

She responded but dully to the suggestion. "No, no. He's gone. His breath is gone."

"Maybe not. Let me see."

Again she bent to the quiet face on which the sunlight fell with mocking splendor. It seemed all a dream—this she felt once more the stain of his blood upon her hands. It was all so incredibly sudden. Only just now he was exulting over the warmth and beauty of the day—and now—

How beautiful he was. He seemed asleep. The conies crying from their runways suddenly took on poignant pathos. They appeared to be grieving with her, but the eagles spoke of revenge.

A sharp cry, a note of joy sprang from her lips. "He is alive! I saw his eyelids quiver! Quick! Bring some water!"

The man leaped to his feet and, running down to the pool, filled his sombrero with icy water. He was as eager now to save his rival as he had been mad to destroy him. "Let me help," he pleaded. But she would not permit him to touch the body.

Again, while splashing the water upon his face, the girl called upon her love to return. "He hears me!" she exulted to the enemy. "He is breathing now! He is opening his eyes!"

The wounded man did, indeed, open his eyes, but his look was a blank, uncomprehending stare, which plunged her back into despair. "He don't know me!" she said, with piteous accent. She now perceived the source of the blood upon her arm. It came from a wound in the boy's head which had been disclosed upon a stone.

The sight of this wound brought back the blaze of accusing anger to her eyes. "See what you did!" she said, with cold malignity. Then by sudden shift she bent to the sweet face in her arms and spoke passionately. "Open your eyes, darling. You must not die! I won't let you die! Can't you hear me? Don't you know where you are?"

He opened his eyes once more, quietly, and looked up into her face with a faint, drowsy smile. He could not yet locate himself in space and time, but he knew her and was comforted.

Slowly the youth's eyes took on expression. "Are we still on the hill?" he asked.

"Yes, dearest," she assured him. Then to Belden, "He knows where he is."

Wayland again struggled with reality. "What has happened to me?"

"You fell and hurt your head."

He turned slightly and observed the other man looking down at her with dark and tragic glance. "Hello, Belden," he said feebly. "How came you here? I seem to remember Berrie's look, he added: "I remember. He tried to kill me." He again searched his antagonist's face. "Why didn't you finish the job?"

The girl tried to turn his thought aside. "It's all right now, darling. He won't make any more trouble. Don't mind him. I don't care for anybody now you are coming back to me."

Wayland wonderingly regarded the face of the girl. "And you—are you hurt?"

"No, I'm not hurt. I am perfectly happy now." She turned to Belden with quick, authoritative command. "Unsaddle the horses and set up the tent. We won't be able to leave here tonight."

He rose with instant obedience, glad of a chance to serve her, and soon had the tent pegged to its place and the bedding unrolled. Together they lifted the wounded youth and laid him upon his blankets beneath the low can-

(Continued on page 5)

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

Pa's Son-in-Law

PA'S SON-IN-LAW
UH - BY THE WAY, AS MASTER OF THIS HOUSE I SUPPOSE YOU WILL WANT TO ATTEND TO THAT HORRID ICE-MAN? HE'S DOWN-STAIRS NOW!
HUH? ICE-MAN?
JUST WOULD - BE BOSS
ES HE'S BEEN GIVING US SHORT-WEIGHT SO I WANT YOU TO GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND AND IF HE BECOMES INSOLENT ABOUT IT, I'D ADVISE THROWING HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE HOUSE!
WELL, I'M GLAD I KNOW THAT YOU'RE THOROUGHLY IN CONTROL OF THE SITUATION!
OH, PA - I'M POSITIVELY THRILLED AT YOUR FINALLY SHOWING SO MUCH SPIRIT! A-AND I WELCOME HAVING SUCH A BULWARK OF STRENGTH TO LEAN UPON!
MM-M - I GOT A HUNCH MA'S ADVICE IS DARK POOR IN THIS CASE!

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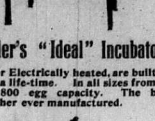

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PRESENT STATE OF PUBLIC OPINION ON ALBERTA COAL SITUATION SHOWS PARLIAMENTARY ACTION EXPECTED

Quality of Canadian Product Demonstrated Beyond All Possibility of Argument—Ability of Western Mines to Supply Demands of the Eastern Market Not Questioned.

WHOLE PROBLEM REMAINS ONE OF FREIGHT RATES.

Adjustment of Railway Board's Miscalculation on Cost of Carrying Coal Should Clear the Way for Commencement of East and West Inter-Provincial Trade.

This is the sixth and final article in this paper's series of special investigation into the coal question, with particular reference to domestic fuel. Summed up in a few words, this independent study of the situation has revealed a state of affairs which is partly astounding and partly ludicrous. Canada has, in Alberta, enormous reserves of domestic coal, much more satisfactory for domestic use than the American anthracite we now import into Ontario. The solitary obstacle, evidently, which prevents us from using our own fuel, is a number of errors in arithmetic on the part of the Board of Railway Commissioners. Clearly, here is something which seems to call for action on the part of members of the Federal Parliament, quite irrespective of their various party affiliations.

There is one means—and one only—by which the present mix-up on the subject of getting western coal into central Canada can be cleared up and that is by decisive action on the part of the Federal Parliament.

The quality of the Canadian product has been demonstrated beyond all possibility of argument. The ability of western mines to provide the supplies which an eastern market would require need not be seriously considered. The larger properties are equipped with the last word in up-to-date machinery. Without a single alteration in equipment, they could today turn out close to fourteen million tons of fuel annually and their present market does not exceed six million tons.

Equally, there is no possibility of argument over the demand in Ontario and elsewhere throughout the central sections of the Dominion, for the Alberta product.

This brings the whole matter down to the question of freight rates. In this connection, the Railway Board's investigation was highly valuable. It provided the average student of the subject with the railways own estimates and statistics and from these, in the course of preceding articles, it has been clearly shown that the actual cost per ton of bringing Alberta coal to this province, cannot exceed $5.45.

With the out-of-pocket cost definitely known to be a figure noticeably below $6 a ton, a freigh rate could certainly be set, which would impose no burden upon the railways and eliminate, once and for all, the suggestion that a government subsidy was a necessity reward to the railways in return for their generosity in transporting the coal.

THOROUGH SURVEY NEEDED.

If the Federal Parliament, at its coming session, makes a thorough survey of the situation and orders a rate to be fixed, then there is not the least doubt but that the western coal will come east.

It need not be a permanent rate. But, obviously, the present condition of affairs indicates that some honest effort at moving fuel east, is a vital necessity. It might be tried out, say for a three year period, and at the end of that time, on the basis of reports both from the railways and from government officials, a comparatively definite policy could be formulated.

It is plain that the next move must be made in Ottawa. It is not only a question of outstanding national importance—and, incidentally, a non-political one—but the present state of public opinion indicates that parliamentary action is expected. The provincial governments most directly concerned, Alberta and Ontario, have gone the limit in their efforts to bring about a solution Municipal bodies such as the Montreal City Council, the Toronto City Council, and a host of others, have passed resolutions after resolution. Non-political groups of every sort, women's clubs, business men's organizations as well as agricultural organizations, have studied the subject and their present attitude is one of looking towards Ottawa for something to happen. The correspondence columns of newspapers reveal a fairly continuous stream of letters from individual citizens, in support of Alberta coal.

This agitation on the part of the general public has grown without slackening, for years, indicating a widespread disposition to keep after the matter till a solution has been reached.

It is natural that Canadians should look to their elected representatives, rather than to the Board of Railway Commissioners, to clear away the difficulty. Nevertheless, the Railway Board's unfortunate mistakes in arithmetic can be considered the primary cause for the stalemate of the moment as far as Canadian coal is concerned.

Had the errors not been made—errors which gave the supposed cost of carrying the coal at $7.22 per ton instead of its neighborhood of $5.45—the way would now be clear for the commencement of the east-to-west inter-provincial coal trade. It must be admitted that these unfortunate miscalculations will be duly used to bedoud the issue.

For the plainly sensible theory that Canadians should use their own coal and save their millions to develop their own country, has a variety of opponents.

WOULD LOWER PRICE

One inevitable effect of the introduction of Alberta coal into the Ontario market, for instance, would be an immediate drop in the price, to the consumer, of all kinds of domestic fuel. That is certain. The mere fact that Alberta coal was about to come in would promptly produce that result.

While this would be greeted as a boon by the Ontario householder, since he would pay less for his winter fuel, no matterd what he burned, it would be a development to which a certain amount of opposition could be traced.

A glance at the arguments which are used by those who disapprove with a full pocket, which would allow central Canadians to burn products from the Dominion's own mines, is an interesting spectacle.

Invariably, the matter of finance is drawn in. It is claimed that the process of switching from imported domestic fuel to our own brands and utilizing them instead would be too costly. As said before, one of this argument is that the exponents of it find consistency an utter impossibility. Their estimates of what it would cost vary on various occasions, ranging all the way from twelve to one hundred million dollars.

Almost all these arguments, moreover, fall to the ground unless one is willing to take it for granted that a reasonable freight rate cannot be secured. Since the railways' own statistics now demonstrate that such a rate is feasible, these arguments are automatically put in a situation where they lack any basis of fact.

The argument has been offered, too, that the loss in cutoms' revenues due to the stoppage of American anthracite crossing the border would be a serious item and one opponent in a very vague reference to the matter which did not particularize regarding classes, put the loss at seven million dollars annually. The only flaw in his contention is the fact that anthracite coal and coke do not now—and never have—paid any duty, whatsoever.

"GOPHER HOLE" MINES.

Attempts have also been made to foist upon the public another weird theory. In Alberta, there are a number of mines known as "gopher-holes." It is said that, in the event of an eastern market being discovered, these mines would disorganize the industry.

Let us, therefore, see exactly what a "gopher-hole" is. It is an institution which is of incalculable value to the isolated prairie farmer. It is merely a hole in the ground. A western farmer discovers coal on his land. He scrapes off the surface and he and his neighbors drive up with their wagons, dig coal for winter's fuel and haul it home. The entire market is within wagon haul. None of it is shipped by rail.

Practically every one of these "gopher-holes" is situated miles from any rail line. They are the godsends to the neighboring farmer who, otherwise, would be driving, mile after mile, to the railroad to get fuel.

They would have no more effect on the Ontario market for coal than the banana plantations of the south.

When debaters refer to the number of small mines in the west, they invariably include as mines—without noting that they do—all test pits dug for purposes of research or investigation.

These are typical of the arguments used against a purely Canadian fuel policy.

With the removal of the freight rate discussion, with the demonstration from the railroads' own statistics that the out-of-pocket cost cannot exceed $5.45, it is hard to see where the opponents of this movement are going to go in search of suitable arguments.

But, do not worry, they will be unearthed from some source or other.

But, to anyone acquainted with the situation in Pennsylvania anthracite mines or in possession of the opinions of U. S. Bureau of Mines experts, the spectacle of any man in Canadian public life going out of his way to discover reasons why western coal should not be available to Ontario, can not appear as anything else but dngerous.

ANTHRACITE SUPPLY LIMITED.

Within the active life-time of many of our present-day politicians, anthracite supplies for Ontario from Pennsylvania mines will be in the same general class as the dodo or else America's foremost authorities are crazy.

Canada has already received unofficial hints from the U. S. Bureau of Mines to hunt elsewhere for fuel to replace the Pennsylvania anthracite she now imports. Twenty to thirty years is the second limit placed on the present day properties before they become exhausted.

It is well worth while repeating that the time is soon approaching when we will do without the America nproduct no matter what our personal feelings in the matter may happen to be.

The whole subject of Alberta coal clearly divides itself into two sections ,one of which concerns the government and one of which concerns the average man.

Beyond dispute, in the interest of every section of Canada but of central Canada in particular, the Federal Parliament must consider ways and means of getting the Canada fuel into the central provinces so that it can be retailed at reasonable prices.

Once that has been done, the householder will decide on the merits of the fuel for himself and that he should certainly be given an opportunity to do.

No individual of any sort, living within the borders of the Dominion, would be unaffected by this change, if it can be brought about. The results, in an economic way, would be stupendous.

The money spent on a ton of coal is split up among all classes of the population. This means that it circulates widely and freely. Fifty-two millions constitute our present annual bill for American domestic coal and freight on bringing it in.

This does no merely mean that we are losing fifty-two millions a year which leaves Canada and, except for an infinitesimal percentage of duty, never returns. Economists, after studying the matter for years, estimate that each dollar in this huge bill would turn over ten times in the course of a year.

In other words, the total amount of money in circulation throughout the Dominion during the year just ended was five hundred and twenty million dollars less than it would have been if central Canada had burned Canadian coal.

No one can say that a country with a population of seven millions about the ten million mark does not suffer seriously from this huge—and unnecessary—annual drain on its resources.

But one of the most amazing features of the whole coal question is the fact that thousands of the quite average mill-run of Canadians are acutely aware of the vital importance of the issue. So that we are now viewing the sight of a large section of the population asking, metaphorically speaking, "Why not Canadian coal for Canada?"—and waiting for Parliament to meet and give them an answer.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "Give us this day our daily bread," in series on the Lord's Prayer.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public Worship. Evangelistic message, "The Foolish Prodigal in the Far Country."
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Bible Study and Prayer Meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church : Public Worship 11 a.m.
Bethany Church : Sunday School 2.45 p.m. ; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Anderson Church: Public Worship 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH
Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.
Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :
Services for Sunday, Feb. 19th:
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Sermon.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

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Selby W. M. S.

The regular monthly meeting of Selby W. M. S. was held in the Sunday school room on February 2nd, with twenty-five members present. The president, Mrs. Fred Weese, presided. Mrs. J. Tate had charge of the program, which was very interesting and instructive. The devotional part was taken by Mrs. Burnell Denison. Mrs. P. Amey and Mrs. V. Boothe delighted all with a vocal duet. Mrs. J. Dudgeon gave a report of the Presbyterial held in Picton recently. After some discussion it was decided to adopt a method of systematic giving as a means of raising funds for our allocations. Mrs. Batstone closed with prayer.

Press Sec'y.

Mt. Ararat Encampment.

The annual installation of officers was held on Monday evening of last week with Bro. A. J. Smith officiating for the D.D.G.M. Deputy who was unable to be present. The following officers were installed :

J.P.C.P.—M. U. Holmes.
C.P.—J. W. Thompson.
T.P.—Ross Card.
S.W.—Walter Riley
Scribe—W. J. Vandusen.
J.W.—Percy Cassan .
Guide—Harry Ohlman.
1st W.—Fred Gillott.
2nd W.—Ernie Jackson.
3rd W.—Harry Seymour.
4th W.—Arnold Rogers.
O.S.—B. M. Black.
I.S.—Geo. Ohlman.
1st G of T.—A. D Snider.
2nd G. of T.—Jas. McGillivray.

See it at Wonderland.

There's going to be a funny play, a slapstick, get-the-money play, a dancing play, entrancing play, with epigrams aglow. A bandmaster band banter play, a bidding, Eddie Cantor play, a who's-that-dame-I-seen-you-with, wise cracking kind of show. 'Twill be produced at Wonderland. You'll laugh at it to beat the band, this biting play, exciting play, with girls all in a row. Detective and villian bad, and city maids and country lad, named Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick, who loves to make a dicker. So watch the date and keep it free, and come one, all of Napanee, to see that splendid comedy, that we have named the "SLICKERS." By the Community Players, at Wonderland Theatre, Wednesday, February 15th.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30—Organ recital.
7.00—Evening worship.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Bible Class.
Church Anniversary Services, March 4th. Preacher, Rev. T. W. Neal, D.D., of Toronto. Soloist, Mrs. Nellie Lentry, of Toronto, gold medalist of Toronto Exhibition 1926, pupil of Mrs. Hope Morgan, Toronto.

Poultry Wanted.

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.

Chamber of Commerce.

Prof. Bell, Principal of Kemptville Agricultural College, will speak at the Chamber of Commerce dinner in the Paisley House dining room on Friday evening. His subject will be interesting to both rural and town residents.

New Postal Regulations.

According to a post office announcement, on and after February 4, parcels posted in Canada for delivery in Canada on which charges of 40 cents or more have been prepaid may be insured for a sum up to $50, without the payment of any insurance fee being required. There is, however, no change in regard to the insurance on parcels on which charges of less than 40 cents have been prepaid.

Basketball Game.

In a well played game of basketball at the Collegiate gymnasium on Friday evening, the Napanee Collegiate Institute team easily defeated the girls from the Kingston Collegiate Institute, the score being 31-19. There was a large attendance of pupils and ex-pupils present and at the conclusion of the game the visitors were royally entertained, a delightful dance being held in the Assembly hall.

Died at Rochester .

The death occurred at Rochester, N.Y., on Wednesday of a former well-known resident of Wilton, in the person of Mrs. Stanley Peters, the cause of death being pneumonia. The deceased was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Peters, of Wilton, and with her husband had been residents of Rochester for a period of two years only. Besides her bereaved husband she leaves one child four years of age. Mrs. Joseph Deschane, Napanee, is a sister of Mrs. Peters.

Auction Sale.

On Monday, February 20th, 1928, S. W. Clark will sell for John Wilson, on lot 22, in the 3rd con. of Richmond, on the north of Napanee, bordering on town site, at 12 o'clock, 10 head registered Holstein cattle, 3 mates and females ranging from 4 months to 18 months, T. B. tested ; 1 registered Holstein herd sire, fine individual and exceelent breeding ; 13 head cows to freshen, part purebred, part grade ; 7 head young cattle, males and females ; farm machinery, cutters, sleighs, cream separator, 2 sets scales, Ford coach, milking machine complete, etc. Usual terms.

Election of Officers.

The annual election of officers of the Napanee Poultry Association was held in the Agriculture Hall, Dundas street, Napanee, on Monday, February 6th, 1928. President Ray Perry in the chair. The Association has just completed a splendid year of work and marked progress has been made both in increase in membership and attendance, also work carried out. The following officers were elected for 1928 ;

Honorary Presidents—Dr. Ed. Ming, M.P.P., Geo. Fralick, J. Hayes, J. Laughland.
President—Ray F. Perry.
1st Vice-Pres.—R. B. Mills.
2nd Vice-Pres.—A. Fraser.
Secretary—Capt. A. S. Hughson.
Treasurer—Geo. Knox.
Show Secretary—Arthur Rook.
Judges—Geo. DeGroff, Stanley Richardson, H. Pringle.
Board of Directors—Clarence Mowers, A. Rook, Stanley Richardson, J. Hayes, R. Fretts, H. Pringle, Geo .Fralick, Sperry Fraser.

Through Mr. M. B. Mills, of the Mills Hatchery, the Association was able to secure Mr. T. B. Gleaves, Toronto, who gave an address and demonstration with living birds on Incubation Brooding and Feeding.

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THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

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FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT

Merchants and Wonderland Theatre in Free Ticket Campaign.

Manager George Tustin has incorporated a plan whereby he local public may obtain a free admission ticket to the popular Wonderland Theatre. This particular ticket is issued by a few prominent local merchants with a nominal cash purchase not exceeding a dollar, and when the ticket is presented at the box office of the theatre with one paid adult admission it entitles the holder to two seats. It is good on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Saturday matinee, until April 15th. Do your buying from the following business places and receive a ticket : McCutcheon & Benison, Ed. Robbins, Confectioner, Holmes' Dairy, Thompson Bros., Grocers, J. L. Boyes & Son, Doxsee & Co., Fred A. Perry.

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The Great Englist Prescription. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. ✦Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $2 per box, 3 for $5 ✦Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. ✦New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

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Also a good comedy.

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Fred Thomson's greatest character delineation to date is his role in "A REGULAR SCOUT," an F. B. O. production.

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Muresco for your walls and ceilings, also Alabastine, a satisfactory cold water finish.
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This has been a very productive season for the oyster men on the Atlantic coast. The supply has been unlimited. Accordingly as Lent is near we are bringing in greater quantities from Baltimore and Virginia, and reducing the price to $1.00 per quart. We hope to be able to supply everybody's needs for this delicious food during the Lenton season.

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Everybody eats Fish these days. Take your choice of these Fresh and Smoked lines below :

Fresh White Fish
Fresh B.C. Salmon
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1 medium Baked Beans
1 medium Spagetti
3 for 45c.

1 large Tomato Catsup
1 large Baked Beans
2 for 51c.

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Small 10c.....3 for 29c.
Medium 15c.....2 for 29c.
Large 23c.....2 for 45c.

HEINTZ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

Small 10c. each.....3 for 29c.
Medium 15c. each.....2 for 29c.

HEINTZ COOKED SPAGETTI

Small 13 Cents.....2 for 25c.
Medium 18 Cents.....2 for 35c.
Large 29 Cents.....2 for 57c.

Special price on Oranges, New Seedless Raisins, Grape Fruit—now in.

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THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A Romance of the Bear Tooth Range

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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was roof which seemed heavenly helpful to Hesra.

"There!" she said carressingly. "Now you are safe, no matter whether it rains or not."

He smiled. "It seems I'm to have my way after all. I shall be able to see the sun rise. I've sort of lost my interest in the sunset.

"Now, Cliff," she said as soon as the camp was in order and a fire started, "I reckon you'd better ride on haven't any further use for you."

"Don't say that, Bernice," he pleaded. "I can't leave you here alone with a sick man. Let me stay and help."

She looked at him for a long time before she replied. "I shall never be able to look at you again without hating you," she said. "I shall always remember you as you looked when you were killing that boy. So you'd better ride on and keep a-riding. I'm going to forget all this just as soon as I can, and it don't help me any to have you around. I never want to see you or hear your name again."

"You don't mean that, Bernie!"

"Yes, I do," she asserted bitterly. "I mean just that. So saddle up and pull out. All I ask of you is to say nothing about what has happened here. You'd better leave the state. If Wayland should get worse it might go hard with you."

He accepted his banishment. "All right. If you feel that way I'll ride. But I'd like to do something for you before I go. I'll pile up some wood"—

"No, I'll take care of that." And without another word of farewell she turned away and re-entered the tent.

Mounting his horse with painful slowness, as though suddenly grown old, the reprieved assassin rode away up the mountain, his head bent low, his eyes upon the ground.

CHAPTER XIII.
Bernice's Vigil.

As Wayland's mind cleared he became curious to know precisely what had taken place, but he did not feel free to ask her. "She will tell me if she wishes me to know." That she had vanquished Belden and sent him on his way was evident, although he had not been able to hear what she had said to him in the tent. What lay between the enemy's furious onslaught and the aid he lent in making the camp could only be surmised. "I wonder if she used her pistol?" Wayland asked himself. "Something like death must have stared him in the face."

That she loved him with the complete passion of her powerful and simple nature he knew, for her voice had reached through the daze of his semi-unconsciousness with thrilling power. The touch of her lips to his, the close clasp of her strong arms were of ever greater convincing quality. And yet he wished the revelation had come in some other way. His pride was abraded. His manhood seemed somehow lessened. It was a disconcerting reversal of the ordinary relations between hero and heroine, and he saw no way of re-establishing the normal attitude of the male.

Entirely unaware of what was passing in the mind of her patient lover, Bernice began to talk with a cheerfulness which astonished the sufferer in the tent. She seemed about to hum a song as she set the skillet on the fire, but a moment later she called out, in a tone of irritation. "Here comes Nash!"

"I'm glad of that," answered Wayland, although he perceived something of her displeasure.

Nash, on his way to join the supervisor, raised a friendly greeting as he saw the girl and drew rein. "I expected to meet you farther down the hill," he said. "Tony phoned that you had started. Where did you leave the supervisor?"

"Over at the station waiting for you. Where's your outfit?"

"Camped down the trail a mile or so. I thought I'd better push through tonight. What about Norcross? Isn't he with you?"

She hesitated an instant. "He's in the tent. He fell and struck his head on a rock, and I had to go into camp here."

Nash was deeply concerned. "Is that so? Well, that's hard luck. Is he badly hurt?"

"Well, he had a terrible fall. But he's easier now. I think he's asleep."

"May I look in on him?"

"I don't think you'd better take the time. It's a long, hard ride from here to the station. It will be deep night before you can make it"—

"Don't you think the supervisor would want me to camp here tonight and do what I could for you? If Norcross is badly injured you will need me."

She liked Nash, and she knew he was right, and yet she was reluctant to give up the pleasure of her lone vigil. "He's not in any danger, and we'll be able to ride on in the morning."

Nash, thinking of her as Clifford Belden's promised wife, had no suspicion of her feeling toward Norcross. Therefore he gently urged that to go on was quite out of order. "I can't think of leaving you here alone—certainly not till I see Norcross and find out how badly he is hurt."

She yielded. "I reckon you're right," she said. "I'll go see if he is awake."

He followed her to the door of the tent, apprehending something new and inexplicable in her attitude. In the music of her voice as she spoke to the sick man was the love note of the mate. "You may come in," she called back, and Nash, stooping, entered the small tent.

"Hello, old man! What you been doing with yourself? Hitting the high spots?"

Norcross smiled feebly. "No, the hill flew up and bumped me."

"How did it all happen?

"I don't exactly know. It all came of a sudden. I had no share in it. I didn't go for to do it."

"Whether you did or not, you seem to have made a good job of it."

Nash examined the wounded man carefully, and his skill and strength in handling Norcross pleased Bernice though she was jealous of the warm friendship which seemed to exist between the men.

She had always liked Nash, but she resented him now, especially as he insisted on taking charge of the case, but she gave way finally and went back to her pots and pans with pensive countenance.

A little later, when Nash came out to make report, she was not very gracious in her manner. "He's pretty badly hurt," he said. "There's an ugly gash in his scalp, and the shock has produced a good deal of pain and confusion in his head, but he's going to be all right in a day or two. For a man seeking rest and recuperation he certainly has had a rough run of weather."

Through a serious minded, honorable forester, determined to keep sternly in mind that he was in the presence of the daughter of his chief, and that she was engaged to marry another, Nash was, after all, a man, and the witchery of the hour, the charm of the girl's graceful figure, asserted their power over him. His eyes grew tender, and his voice eloquent in spite of himself. His words he could guard, but it was hard to keep from his speech the song of the lover. The thought that he was to camp in her company, to help her about the fire, to see her from moment to moment, with full liberty to speak to her, to meet her smile pleased him. It was the most romantic and moving episode in his life, and though of a rather dry and analytic temperament he had a sense of poesy.

The night, black, oppressive and silent, brought on a closer bond of mutual help and understanding between them.

She grew friendlier and asked him about his work and especially about his ambitions and plans for the future. They discussed the forest and its enemies, and he wondered at her freedom in speaking of the mill and saloon. He said: "Of course you know that Alec Belden is a partner in that business, and I'm telling you this I don't know this—that Clifford Belden is also interested."

She offered no defense of young Belden, and this unconcern puzzled him. He had expected indignant protest, but she merely replied: "I don't care who owns it. It should be rooted out. I hate that kind of thing. It's just another way of robbing those poor timber jacks."

"Clifford should get out of it. Can't you persuade him to do so?"

"I don't think I can."

"His relationship to you"—

"He is not related to me."

Her tone startled him. "You know what I mean.

"Of course I do, but you're mistaken. We're not related that way any longer."

This silenced him for a few moments, then he said: "I'm rather glad of that. He isn't anything like the man you thought he was—I couldn't say these things before—but he is as greedy as Alec, only not so open about it."

All this comment, which moved the forester so deeply to utter, seemed not to interest Bernice. She sat staring at the fire with the calm brow of an Indian. Clifford Belden had passed out of her life as completely as he had vanished out of the landscape. She felt an immense relief at being rid of him and resented his being brought back even as a subject of conversation.

Wayland, listening, fancied he understood her desire and said nothing that might arouse Nash's curiosity.

Nash on his part, knowing that she had broken with Belden, began to un-

She Sat Staring at the Fire With the Calm Brow of an Indian.

derstand the tenderness, the anxious care of her face and voice, as she bent above young Norcross. As the night deepened and the cold air stung, he asked, "Have you plenty of blankets for a bed?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "but I don't intend to sleep."

"Oh, you must!" he declared. "Go to bed. I will keep the fire going."

At last she consented. "I will make my bed right here at the mouth of the tent close to the fire," she said, "and you can call me if you need me."

"Why not put your bed in the tent? It's going to be cold up here."

"I am all right outside," she protested.

"Put your bed inside, Miss Bernie. We can't let conventions count above timber line. I shall rest better if I know you are properly protected."

And so it happened that for the third time she shared the same roof with her lover. But the nurse was upper most in her now.

Nash was the first to arise in the dusk of dawn, and Bernie awakened by the crackle of his fire soon joined him.

Wayland came out a little uncertainly but looking very well. "I think I half discourage my friends from coming to this region for their health," he said ruefully. "If I were a novelist now all this would be grist for my mill."

Beneath his joking he was profoundly chagrined. He had hoped by this time to be as sinewy, as alert as Nash, instead of which here he sat, shivering over the fire a sick man, his head swollen, his blood sluggish, but this discouragement only increased Bess's tenderness—a tenderness which melted all his reserve.

"I'm not worth all your care," he said to her, with poignant glance.

The sun rose clear and warm, and the fire, the coffee, put new courage into him as well as into the others, and while Nash, getting his mules and the forest chill and damp with rain, the surveyor brought up the horses and started packing the outfit.

In this Bernie again took part, doing her full share of the work as deftly and ably as Nash himself. Indeed, the forester was noticeably confused and not quite up to his usual level of adroitness.

At last both packs were on, and as they stood together for a moment Nash said: "This has been a great experience for one I shall remember as long as I live."

She stirred uneasily under his frank admiration. "I'm mightily obliged to you," she replied, as heartily as she could command.

"Don't thank me. I'm indebted to you. There is so little in my life of such companionship as you and Nor cross give me."

He helped Norcross mount his horse, and as he put the soup pot into Her ess hand he said with much feeling: "Good luck to you. I shall remember this night all the rest of my life, Miss Bernie."

"I hate to be going to the rear," called Wayland, whose bare, bandaged head made him look like a wounded young officer. "But I guess it's better for me to lay off a week or two and recover my tone."

And so they parted, the surveyor riding his determined way up the naked mountain side toward the clouds, while Bernie and her ward plunged at once into the dark and dripping forest below. "If you can stand the grief," she said, "we'll get down to-night."

Her caution was all for him. She cried each dangerous slough first and thus was able to advise him which way was safest. His head throbbed with pain and his knees were weary, but he rode on.

At last they came into open ground in a high ridge and were gladdened by the valley outspread below them, for was still radiant with color, though not as brilliant as before the rain.

At 1 o'clock on the bank of a clear stream the girl halted. "I reckon we'd better camp awhile. You look tired, and I am hungry."

She unsaddled one pack animal and spread some blankets on the grass. Le down and rest while I boil some coffee," she commanded, and he obeyed, too tired to make pretension toward assisting.

Lying so, feeling the magic of the sun, hearing the music of the water and watching the girl, he regained a serener mood, and when she came back with his food he thanked her for it with a glance before which her eyes fell. "I don't see why you are so kind to me. I really believe you like to do things for me." Her head drooped to hide her face, and he went on: "Why do you care for me? Tell me."

"I don't know," she murmured. Then she added, with a flash of bravery. "But I do."

"What a mystery it all is! You turn from a splendid fellow like Landon to a skeet like me. Landon worships you—you know that—don't you?"

"I know—he"— she replied, vaguely distressed.

"Did he ask you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you? He's just the mate for you. He's a man of high character and education." She made no answer to this, and he went on: "Dear girl, I'm not worth your care—truly, I'm not. I resented your engagement to Belden, for he was a brute, but Landon is different. He thinks the world of you. He'll go high in the service. I've never done anything in the world—I never shall. It will be better for you if I go—tomorrow."

She took his hand and pressed it to her cheek, then, putting her arm about his neck, drew him to her bosom and kissed him passionately. "You break my heart when you talk like that," she protested, with tears. "You mustn't say such gloomy things—I won't let you give up. You shall come right home with me, and I will nurse you till you are well. It was all my fault."

"I will not have it so that way," he said. "I've brought you only care and unhappiness thus far. I'm an alien—my ways are not your ways."

"I can change," she answered. "I hate my ways, and I like yours."

As they argued she felt no shame, and he voiced no resentment. She knew his mood. She understood his doubt, his depression. She pleaded as a man might have done, ready to prove her love, eager to restore his self respect, while he remained both bitter and sadly contemptuous.

A cow hand riding up the trail greeted Bernie respectfully, but a cynical

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smile broke out on his lips as he passed on. Another witness; another gossip.

She did not care. She had no fur ther concern of the valley's comment. Her life's happiness hung on the drooping eyelashes of this wounded boy, and to win him back to cheerful acceptance of life was her only concern.

"I've never had any motives," he confessed. "I've always done what pleased me at the moment—or because it was easier to do as others were doing. I went to college that way. Truth is, I never had any surplus vitality, and my father never demanded anything of me. I haven't any motives now. A few days ago I was interested in forestry. At this time it all seems futile. What's the use of my trying to live?"

CHAPTER XIV.
The Gossips Awake.

Bernie was frightened for Wayland, and as she thought of the long ride still before them she wrung her hands. "Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" she moaned.

Instantly smitten into shame, into manlier mood, he said: "Don't worry about me. Please don't. I can ride. I'm feeling better. You must not weaken. Please forgive my selfish complaints. I'm done! You'll never hear it again. Come! Let us go on. I can ride."

"If we can reach Miller's ranch"—

"I can ride to your ranch!" he declared, and rose with such new found resolution that she stared at him in wonder.

He was able to smile. "I've had my little crying spell. I've relieved my heart of its load. I didn't mean to inconvenience you. I was only a stump." He put his hand to his head. "I must be a comical figure."

His sudden reversal to cheer was a little alarming to her, but at length its healthful influence on him reassured his depression, and bringing up the horses, she saddled them and helped him to mount. "If you get tired or feel worse tell me, and we'll go into camp," she urged as they were about to start.

"You keep going till I give the sign," he replied, and his voice was so firm and clear that her own sunny smile came back. "I don't know what to do with you," she said. "I reckon you must be a poet."

It was dark when they reached the village, but Wayland declared his ability to go on, although his wounded head was throbbing with fever and he was conscious of the torment of his saddle; so Bernie rode on.

Mrs. McFarlane, hearing the horses on the bridge, was at the door and received her daughter with wondering question, while white hands, quick to detect an injured man, hurried to lift Norcross down from his saddle.

"What's the matter?" repeated Mrs. McFarlane.

"He fell and struck his head on a stone," Bernie hastily explained. "Take the horses, boys! Mother and I will look out for Mr. Norcross."

The men obeyed her and fell back, but they were consumed with curiosity and their glances irritated the girl. "Slip the packs at once," she insisted.

With instant sympathy her mother came to her aid in supporting the wounded, weary youth indoors, and as he stretched out on the couch in the sitting room he remarked with a faint, ironic smile, "This beats any bed of balsam boughs."

"Where's your father?" asked Mrs McFarlane of her daughter.

"He's over on the Flatrigan. I've a powerful lot to tell you, mother, but not now; we must look after Wayland. He's nearly done up, and so am I."

Mrs. McFarlane winced a little at her daughter's use of Norcross' first name, but she said nothing further at the moment, although she watched Bernie closely while she took off Wayland's shoes and stockings and rubbed his icy feet. "Get him something hot quick as you can," she commanded, and Mrs. McFarlane obeyed without a word.

Gradually the tremor passed out of his limbs and a delicious sense of warmth, of safety, stole over him, and he closed his eyes in the comfort of her presence and care. "Rigorous business this life of the pioneer," he said with mocking inflection. "I think I prefer a place in the lumber trust."

"Don't talk," she said. Then, with a rush of tender remorse: "Why didn't you tell me to stop? I didn't realize that you were so tired. We could have stopped at the Springs."

"I didn't know how tired I was till I got off the saddle," he said boyishly, "that doorknob at the back of my head is redhot! You're good to me," he added humbly.

She hated to have him resume that tone of self depreciation, and, kneeling to him, she kissed his cheek and laid her head beside his. "You're splendid," she insisted. "Nobody could be braver, but you should have told me you were exhausted. You fooled me with your cheerful answers."

(Continued on page 6)

WILTON.

The farmers are taking advantage of the nice weather, to draw wood and ice.

All are sorry to know Mr. Carter Davison was taken to the Hotel Dieu on Tuesday last for an operation.

Gloom was cast over the country when hearing of the death of Mrs. Stanley Peters, who was a former resident of this place. Much sympathy is extended to her relatives and friends and especially her parents.

Mrs. E. Mills entertained at a party on Friday evening to a number of friends.

The W. M. S. is at the home of Mrs. Erwell Miller next Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. John Symmers is convalescing after a week's illness.

Mr. Arthur Davison was taken to he General Hospital on Saturday for an injury. All are wishing him a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Babcock entertained on Saturday evening.

Mr. Erwell Grindle had the misfortune to get hurt badly in the woods while cutting down a tree. An improvement is being a large crowd in attendance.

NEW BABY CLAIMS PRECEDENCE OVER FURNITURE AT NEW RED CROSS OUTPOST HOSPITAL

Toronto, Feb. 9th, 1928.

The Committee on Outpost Hospitals, Ontario Division, Canadian Red Cross Society, held its annual meeting at the Red Cross Headquarters, 410 Sherbourne St., yesterday afternoon, at which the budget for 1928 was discussed and passed. $154,124.15 was spent on nineteen Outpost Hospitals in Ontario last year.

Europe, United States and in fact the whole civilized world are keenly watching these little hospitals and other effects on the scattered, isolated, pioneer settlements of New Ontario. The courageous services of the Red Cross in "No-Man's Land" have a startling parallel in these sparsely settled districts, where, miles from any other medical aid, these heroic nurses often travel by horse, dog-sled, or even airplane, to bring scientific healing to those new settlers, many of whom are ex-service men. Last year 336 young mothers were attended; 878 operations performed, many of them major operations; 1,441 patients treated at their homes; 23,022 hospital days; 4,212 children inspected and given medical attention, where required; 154 health talks delivered. These are a few of the many things which are making the Outpost Hospitals around which these little communities revolve.

Surveys have and are being made of other districts, whose needs are crying out for assistance; and the Ontario Red Cross is endeavouring this spring to bring its healing influence to these people. A small hospital was informally opened the other day at Coe Hill in Hastings County. Before even the furniture arrived, two patients, one a young woman, were asking for admittance. Mrs. Cross, tho' though hardly prepared, was able to give the assistance required. Coe Hill Hospital will be opened officially in the Spring.

Manufacturing Canadian Tobacco.

A total of 122 factories were engaged in the manufacture of tobacco in Canada in 1926, of which 84 were cigar and cigarette factories, and 38 engaged in the production of smoking and chewing tobaccos. Ontario led with 73 of the total plants, followed by Quebec with 35 plants. The aggregate capital investment was $42,445,256, the cost of materials used $22,587,151, and the net value of production $42,596,610.

The Business of Agriculture

FARMING is more than an occupation; it is a highly commercialized business which requires careful planning and thoughtful execution. Bounding production is necessary but much effort is wasted unless the business of disposing of the year's output is properly managed. In conducting the business of the farm the Standard Bank can play a prominent and useful part. Consult the manager and learn how true co-operation between banking and agriculture builds a more prosperous community.

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A DYNAMOMETER CAR.

Instrument Tells Speed, Draw-Bar Pull, and Distance Travelled.

Attached to the Royal Scot, the express locomotive which accomplishes the London to Carlisle run of 299¾ miles in 5 hours and 48 minutes, is a dynamometer car in which is an instrument that tells the speed, draw-bar pull, and the distance run of the train. The speed is calculated to a second, and one can tell immediately whether the train is late or early.

Sixty miles an hour is regarded as a good pace even for an express, but the dynamometer shows that speeds round about seventy miles are frequently attained. Sometimes seventy-five miles is reached, although the train is run strictly to schedule.

The maximum horse-power of the Royal Scot on a normal journey is 1,100, says an Old Country paper. One can tell by looking at the instrument, which records the horse-power that is being exerted, when the train is climbing, on the level, or descending.

This train, excluding the engine weighs about 419½ tons, and consists of sixteen coaches. The engine consumes about 11 633 pounds of coal and 9,600 gallons of water on each journey.

The dynamometer, an indicator-looking instrument about five and a half feet square, enables tests to be carried out to discover the abilities of the engines, and if they are capable of doing their work properly and well.

Inaugurating Steamship Services.

In an effort to extend Canadian trade with the Latin American countries, the Department of Trade and Commerce has in view the possibility of inaugurating steamship services between this country and the countries of Central and South America. A Canadian Trade Commissioner's office will be established at Lima, with jurisdiction over Peru, Bolivia and Equador, and the Dominion at will furnish the newspapers of South and Central America with a constant stream of news from Canada. These and numerous were made by P. C. T. O'Hara, Deputy Minister of Commerce, who recently completed a 14,000-mile trip through South and Central America.

Huge Aerial Beacon Planned.

Plans for the construction of one of the largest and highest aerial beacons in the world, with a lighting capacity rated at 2,000,000 candle-power for the summit of Mount Diable, California, are announced by P. J. Worthington, airway extension superintendent of the Department of Commerce.

Mr. Worthington says that this light, the only one of its kind, will serve as a guide to airplanes flying to the San Francisco bay district at night.

EART CRUST PULLED APART.

Came Together Again In Layers Forming the Various Discs.

A new theory holding that the earth's crust in the Dead Sea region is made up of three structural blocks, and reviving the issue among geologists over the nature of the movements in this, the lowest point in the land mass of the earth, was presented to the Geological Society of America's annual convention at Cleveland, O. The theory was advanced by Dr. Bailey Willis of Stanford University, California.

Some authorities have assumed that in prehistoric time the crust had been pulled apart, allowing the bottom of the famous sea to drop down. Others have held that the sea trough was formed by the rise of two flanking segments of the region to a level higher than the basin.

The earthquakes in Palestine on July 11 of last year gave new evidence, said Dr. Willis. Having been on the spot when the region was shocked by tremors, Dr. Willis observed two centres of disturbance, one on either side of the Dead Sea trough. This led him to conclude that the crust is made up of three great structural blocks.

One block, "The Syrian mass," lies beneath the other two to the south of the Dead Sea, but appears between them in the Dead Sea trough in the shape of the bottom of a boat lying bow upwards. To the south-west of the Dead Sea trough is the "Palestine disc," which rides up over the Syrian mass in Palestine. To the southeast of the trough lies the "Arabian disc," which likewise rides up over the Syrian mass.

The earthquake made it evident, according to Dr. Willis, that when the Arabian and Palestine discs of Palestine and Trans-Jordania was in the making, tremendous earth pressures in an east-west direction caused the Palestine disc" and the "Arabian disc" to rise up over and to depress the Syrian mass. The latter's northern end now forms the floor of the Dead Sea trough, and the former two the escarpments along the margins of the basin.

UNEQUAL MARRIAGES IN KOREA.

Boys of 18 and 14 Wedded to Girls Considerably Older.

Unequal marriages are responsible for much of the trouble besetting Korea, a Japanese possession, in the opinion of Toru Izumi, Japanese writer.

The trouble with Korea, Izumi explained after a study of the habits of the people, is that shiftlessness, and this shiftlessness may be attributed in large part to the national habit of marrying young boys to girls older than themselves.

Boys of thirteen or fourteen, Izumi asserts, often are married to girls considerably older. The result is a physical maturity which causes an indolence and shiftlessness manifest which generally is well content to let the women do the work.

Koreans do not look upon marriages as being unions of individuals but as the union of families, and the parents of boys twelve years of age and older do the selecting of the brides to enter the households. A son's wife is to all intents a family slave, to whose lot falls the multifold tasks of the household. She must cook for the father and mother-in-law as well as for her boy husband. She must look after all preparations for religious ceremonies. She must do her full share in the fields. She must do what little else is done to keep the house and its surroundings clean. Above all, she must do the family washing.

It follows as a consequence of the work forced upon her by custom that Korean wives age rapidly, being worn out old women in appearance when their husbands are only being graduated from high school and college. Then the youths not infrequently add young concubines to the household for the wife to cook and wash for.

ITALY SHIFTING WORKERS.

Active Steps Are Being Taken to Reduce Unemployment.

The Italian Government is taking active steps to reduce the unemployment figures which at the end of September stood at 460,000, of whom 4,800 are in the building trade and 82,000 in agriculture.

All is now ready for the first organized steps to be taken to reduce the pressure of population in certain rural districts by migration to others scantily inhabited. Thus several hundred families will be transferred shortly from the overcrowded agricultural districts of Venetia to a section of Sardinia where land reclamation, irrigation and power works will provide favorable conditions for land settlement.

Preparations on similar lines are being made to relieve the overpopulated districts of Apulia by transferring a portion of the population to recently built agricultural villages in districts where want of labor is acutely felt.

Did You Ever Stop to Think

——Just what a ten dollar bill which a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it in wages to one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant, and this produce merchant, buying largest from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

——That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

When in Need of Printing

——Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that rural towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

The Forester's Daughter

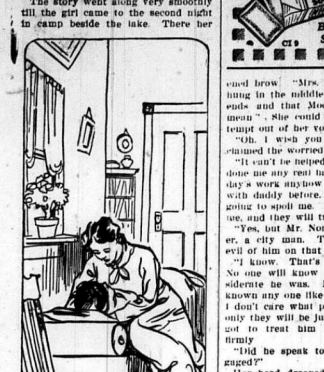
(Continued from page 5)

He accepted her loving praise, her clasping arms, as a part of the rescue from the darkness and pain of the long ride, careless of what it might bring to him in the future. He ate his toast and drank his coffee and permitted the women to lead him to his room, and then being alone he crept into his bed and fell instantly asleep.

Berrie and her mother went back to the sitting room, and Mrs. McFarlane closed the door behind them. "Now tell me all about it," she said in the tone of one not to be denied.

The story went along very smoothly till the girl came to the second night in camp beside the lake. There her

Add to the joy of the open road—this pleasure-giving refreshment.
A sugar-coated gum that affords double value. Peppermint flavor in the sugar coating and peppermint flavored gum inside.
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM
Between Smokes



"You're splendid," she insisted. "Nobody could be braver."

voice faltered, and the reflective look in the mother's eyes deepened as she learned that her daughter had shared her tent with the young man. "It was the only thing to do, mother," Berrie bravely said. "It was cold and wet outside, and you know he isn't very strong, and his teeth were chattering he was so chilled. I know it sounds strange down here, but up there in the woods in the storm what I did seemed right and natural. You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes, I understand. I don't blame you—only—if others should hear of it"—

"But they won't. No one knows of our being alone there except Tony and father."

"Are you sure? Doesn't Mrs. Belden know?"

"I don't think so—not yet."

Mrs. McFarlane's nervousness grew.

"I wish you hadn't gone on this trip. If the Beldens find out you were alone with Mr. Norcross they'll make much of it. It will give them a chance at your father." Her mind turned upon another point. "When did Mr. Norcross get his fall?"

"On the way back." Here Berrie hesitated again. "I don't like to tell you, mother, but he didn't fall; Cliff jumped him and tried to kill him."

The mother doubted her ears. "Cliff did? How did he happen to meet you?"

Berrie was quick to answer. "I don't know how he found out we were on the trail. I suppose the old lady phoned him. Anyhow, while we were camped for noon yesterday"—her face flamed again at thought of that tender, beautiful moment when they were resting on the grass—"while we were at our lunch he came tearing down the hill on that big bay horse of his and took a flying jump at Wayland. As Wayland was down he struck his head on a stone. I thought he was dead, and I was paralyzed for a second. Then I flew at Cliff and just about choked the life out of him. I'd have ended him right there if he hadn't let go."

Mrs. McFarlane, looking upon her daughter in amazement, saw on her face the shadow of the deadly rage which had burned in her heart as she clinched young Belden's throat.

"What then? What happened then?"

"He let go, you bet." Her smile came back.

"When did this take place?"

"Yesterday about 2. Of course Wayland couldn't ride, he was so dizzy and kind o' crushed, and so I went into camp right there at timber line. Along about sunset Nash came riding up from this side and insisted on staying to help me, so I let him."

Mrs. McFarlane's tense attitude relaxed. "Nash is not the kind that tatties. I'm glad he turned up."

"And this morning I saddled and came down."

"Did Nash go on?"

"Yes. Daddy was waiting for him, so I let him go along."

"It's all sad business," groaned Mrs. McFarlane, "and I can see you're keeping something back. How did Cliff happen to know just where you were, and what started you back without your father?"

For the first time Berrie showed signs of weakness and distress. "Why, you see, Alec Belden and Mr. Moore were over there to look at some timber, and old Marmi Belden and that Moore girl went along. I suppose they sent word to Cliff, and I presume that Moore girl put him on our trail. Leastwise that's the way I figure it out. That's the worst of the whole business." She admitted this with dark-

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

ened brow. "Mrs. Belden's tongue is long in the middle and loose at both ends and that Moore girl is spiteful mean". She could not keep the contempt out of her voice.

"Oh, I wish you hadn't gone!" exclaimed the worried mother.

"It can't be helped now, and it hasn't done me any real harm. It's all in the day's work anyhow. I've always gone with daddy before, and this trip isn't going to spoil me. The boys all know me, and they will treat me fair."

"Yes, but Mr. Norcross is an outsider, a city man. They will all think evil of him on that account."

"I know. That's what troubles me. No one will know how fine and considerate he was. Mother, I've never known any one like him. He's a poet. I don't care what people say of me it only they will be just to him. They've got to treat him right," she added firmly.

"Did he speak to you—are you engaged?"

Her head drooped. "Not really engaged, mother, but he told me how much he liked me, and—it's all right, mother, I know it is. I'm not fine enough for him, but I'm going to try to change my ways so he won't be ashamed of me."

Mrs. McFarlane's face cleared. "He surely is a fine young fellow and can be trusted to do the right thing. Well, we might as well go to bed. We can't settle anything till your father gets home," she said.

Wayland rose next morning free from dizziness and almost free from pain, and when he came down the stairs his expression was cheerful. "I feel as if I'd slept a week, and I'm hungry. I don't know why I should be, but I am."

Mrs. McFarlane met him with something very intimate, something almost maternal in her look, but her words were as few and as restrained as ever. He divined that she had been talking with Berrie and that a fairly clear understanding of the situation had been reached. That this understanding involved him closely he was aware, but nothing in his manner acknowledged it.

She did not ask any questions, believing that sooner or later the whole story must come out. The fact that Siona Moore and Mrs. Belden knew that Berrie had started back on Thursday with young Norcross made it easy for the villagers to discover that she had not reached the ranch by Saturday. What could Joe have been thinking of to allow them to go?" she said. "Mr. Nash's presence in the camp must be made known, but then there is Cliff's assault upon Mr. Norcross. Can that be kept secret too?" And so while the young people chatted the troubled mother waited in fear, knowing that in a day or two the countryside would be aflame with accusation.

A long day's rest, a second night's sleep, set Wayland on his feet. He came to breakfast quite gay. "Barring the hickory nut on the back of my head," he explained, "I'm feeling fine, almost ready for another expedition. I may make a ranger yet."

Berrie, though equally gay, was not so sure of his ability to return to work. "I reckon you'd better go easy

dill daddy gets back, but if you feel like it we'll ride up to the postoffice this afternoon."

"I want to start right in to learn to throw that hitch, and I'm going to practice with an ax till I can strike twice in the same place. This trip was an eye opener. Great man I'd be in a windfall, wouldn't I?"

He was persuaded to remain very quiet for another day, and part of it was spent in conversation with Mrs. McFarlane, whom he liked very much, and an hour or more in writing a long letter wherein he announced to his father his intention of going into the forest service. "I've got to build up a constitution," he said, "and I don't know of a better place to do it in. Besides, I'm beginning to be interested in the scheme. I like the supervisor. I'm living in his house at the present time, and I'm feeling contented and happy, so don't worry about me."

He was indeed quite comfortable, save when he realized that Mrs. McFarlane was taking altogether too much for granted in their relationship. It was delightful to be so watched over, so waited upon, so instructed. "But where is it all leading me?" he continued to ask himself, and still that wall of reserve troubled and saddened Berrie.

On the fourth morning the phone rang, and the squawking voice of Mrs Belden came over the wire—"I wanted to know if Berrie and her feller got home all right?"

"Yes, they arrived safely."

The old woman chuckled. "Last I see of Cliff he was hot on their trail—looked like he expected to take a hand in that expedition. Did he overtake 'em?"

"I don't hear very well. Where are you?"

"I'm at the Scott ranch. We're coming round 'the horn' today."

"Where is the supervisor?"

"He headed across yesterday. Say, Cliff was mad as a hornet when he started. I'd like to know what happened"—

Mrs. McFarlane hung up the receiver. The old woman's nasty chuckle was intolerable, but in silencing the phone Mrs. McFarlane was perfectly aware that she was not silencing the gossip on the contrary, she was certain that the Beldens would leave a trail of poisonous comment from the Pharmigan to Bear Tooth. It was all sweet material for them.

Berrie wanted to know who was speaking, and Mrs. McFarlane replied. "Mrs. Belden wanted to know if you got through all right."

"She said something else, something to hurt you up," persisted the girl who perceived her mother's agitation. "What did she say—something about me—and Cliff?"

The mother did not answer, for Wayland entered the room at the moment, but Berrie knew that traducers were already busy with her affairs. "I don't care anything about old lady Belden," she said later, "but I hate to have that Moore girl telling lies about me."

CHAPTER XV.

Wayland Hears From Home.

It was almost noon of the fourth day when the supervisor called up to say that he was at the office and would reach the ranch at 8 o'clock.

"I wish you would come home at once," his wife argued, and something in her voice convinced him that he was more needed at home than in the town.

"All right, mother. Hold the fort an hour, and I'll be there."

Mrs. McFarlane met him at the hitching bar, and it required but a glance for him to read in her face a troubled state of mind.

"This has been a disastrous trip for Berrie," she said after one of the hands had relieved the supervisor of his horse.

"In what way?"

She was a bit impatient. "Mrs. Belden is filling the valley with the story of Berrie's stay in camp with Mr. Norcross."

His face showed a graver line. "It couldn't be helped. The horses had to be followed, and that youngster could not do it, and, besides, I expected to get back that night. Nobody but an old snoop like Seth Belden would think evil of our girl, and, besides, Norcross is a man to be trusted."

"Of course he is, but the Beldens are ready to think evil of any one connected with us. And Cliff's assault on Wayland"—

He looked up quickly. "Assault! Did he make trouble?"

"Yes. He overtook them on the trail and would have killed Norcross if Berrie hadn't interfered. He was crazy with jealousy."

"Nash didn't say anything about any assault."

"He didn't know it. Berrie told him that Norcross fell from his horse."

"Good God! I never suspected a word of this. I didn't think he'd do that."

He fixed another penetrating look upon her face, and his voice was vibrant with anxiety as he said, "You don't think there's anything—wrong?"

"No, nothing wrong, but she's profoundly in love with him. I never have seen her so wrapped up in any one. She thinks of nothing else. It scares me to see it, for I've studied him closely and I can't believe he feels the same toward her. His world is so different from ours. I don't know what to do or say. I fear she is in for a period of great unhappiness."

The return of the crew from the corral cut short this conference, and when McFarlane went in Berrie greeted him with such frank and joyous expression that all his fears vanished.

"Did you come over the high trail?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Oh, good! Well, before you decide to go I'd like to have a little talk with you. My daughter has told me part of what happened to you on the trail. I want to know all of it. You're young, but you've been out in the world, and you know what people can say about you and my girl." His voice became level and menacing as he added, "And I don't intend to have her put in wrong on account of you."

Norcross was quick to reply. "Nobody will dare accuse her of wrongdoing. She's a noble girl. No one will dare to criticise her for what she could not prevent."

"You don't know the Beldens. My girl's character will be on trial in every house in the county tomorrow. The Belden side of it will appear in the city papers. Sympathy will be with Clifford. Berrie will be made an issue by my enemies. They'll get me through her."

"Good Lord," exclaimed Norcross in sudden realization of the gravity of the case, "what beasts they are!"

"Moore's gang will seize upon it and work it hard," McFarlane went on, with calm insistence. "They want to drag me dishonored down on account of my hatred of Belden. They'll be given a fine chance to badger me. Now will make a great deal of my quitting you on the roll. Our little camping trip is likely to prove a serious matter to us all."

"Surely you don't consider me at fault."

Worried as he was, the father was just. "No, you're not to blame. No one is to blame. It all dates back to the horses quitting camp. But you've got to stand pat now for Berrie's sake."

"But what can I do? I'm at your service. What role shall I play? Tell me what to do and I will do it."

McFarlane was staggered, but he answered: "You can at least stay on the ground and help fight. This is no time to stampede."

"You're right. I'll stay, and I'll make any statement you see fit. I'll do anything that will protect Berrie."

McFarlane again looked him squarely in the eyes. "Is there a—an agreement between you?"

"Nothing formal—that is, I mean I admire her, and I told her"— He stopped, feeling himself on the verge of the irrevocable. "She's a splendid girl," he went on. "I like her exceedingly, but I've known her only a few weeks."

McFarlane interrupted. "Girls are flighty critters," he said sadly. "I don't know why she's taken to you so terrible strong, but she has. She don't seem to care what people say so long as they do not blame you. But if you should pull out you might just as well cut her heart to pieces"— His voice broke, and it was a long time before he could finish. "You're not at fault. I know that—but if you can stay on a little while and make it an ounce or two easier for her and for her mother I wish you'd do it."

Wayland extended his hand impulsively. "Of course I'll stay. I never really thought of leaving." In the grip of McFarlane's hand was something warm and tender.

Berrie could not be entirely deceived She read in her father's face a subtle change of line which she related to something Wayland had said. "Did he tell you what was in the telegram? Has he got to go away?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, he said it was from his father."

"What does his father want of him?"

"He's on his way to California and wants Wayland to go with him, but Wayland says he's not going."

A pang shot through Berrie's heart. "He mustn't go—he isn't able to go," she exclaimed, and her pain, her fear, came out in her sharpened, constricted tone. "I won't let him go—till he's well."

Mrs. McFarlane gently interposed. "He'll have to go some day, if his father needs him."

"Let his father come here." She rose and, going to his door, decisively knocked. "May I come in?" she demanded rather than asked before her mother could protest. "I must see you."

Wayland opened the door, and she entered, leaving her parents facing each other in mute helplessness.

Mrs. McFarlane turned toward her husband with a face of despair. "She's sure no longer a boy. Our time of bereavement has come."

He took her in his arms. "There, there, mother, don't cry. It can't be helped. You cut loose from your parents and come to me. That is the same way. Our daughter's a grown woman and must have her own life. All we can do is to defend her against the coyotes as we busy ourselves with her nurse."

"But what of him, Joe; he don't care for her as she does for him. Can't you see that?"

"He'll do the right thing, mother; he told me he would. He knows how much depends on his staying here now, and he intends to do it."

"But in the end, Joe, after this scandal is lived down, can he—will he—marry her? And if he marries her can he live together and be happy? His way of life is so different. He can't content himself here, and she can't fit in where he belongs. It all seems hopeless to me. I couldn't it be best for her not to suffer for a little while now than to make a mistake that may last a lifetime "

"Mebbe it would, mother, but the decision is not ours. She's too strong for us to control. She's of age, and if she comes to a full understanding of the situation she can decide the question a whole lot better than either of us."

"That's true," she sighed. "In some ways she's bigger and stronger than both of us. Sometimes I wish she were not so self reliant."

When Wayland caught the startled look on Berrie's face he knew that she had learned from her father the contents of his telegram and that she would require an explanation.

"Are you going away?" she asked.

"Yes. At least, I must go down to Denver to see my father. I shall be gone only overnight."

"And will you tell him about our trip?" she pursued, with unflinching directness. "About—about Cliff?"

He gave her a chair and took a seat himself before replying. "Yes, I shall tell him all about it and about you and your father and mother. He shall know how kind you've all been to me."

He said this bravely, and at the moment he meant it, but as his father's big, impassive face and cold, keen eyes came back to him his courage sank, and in spite of his firm resolution some part of his self-respect was communicated itself to the girl, who asked many questions with intent to find out more particularly what kind of man the old er Norcross was.

Wayland's replies did not entirely reassure her. He admitted that his father was harsh and domineering in character and that he was ambitious to have his son take up and carry forward his work. "He was willing enough to have me go to college till he found I was specializing on wrong lines. Then I had to fight in order to keep my place. Now he has cut here, for he thinks I'm regaining my strength. But just as soon as I'm well enough he expects me to go to Chicago and take charge of the western office. Of course I don't want to do that. I'd rather work out some problem in forestry that interests me, but I may have to give in for a time at least."

"Will your mother and sisters be with your father?"

"No, indeed. You couldn't get any one of them west of the Hudson river with a log chain. My sisters were both born in Michigan, but they want to forget it. They pretend they have forgotten it. They both have New Yorkitis. Nothing but the big hotels will do them now."

"I suppose they think we're all 'Injuns' out here?"

"Oh, no, not so bad as that. But they wouldn't comprehend anything about you except your muscle. That would catch 'em. They'd worship your splendid health, just as I do. It's pitiful the way they both try to put on weight. They're always testing some new food, some new tonic. They'll do anything except exercise regularly and go to bed at 10 o'clock."

CHAPTER XVI.

Deserting the Ranch.

All that Wayland said of his family deepened Berrie's dismay. Their interests were so alien to her own.

"I'm afraid to have you go even for a day," she admitted, with simple honesty, which moved him deeply. "I don't know what I should do if you went away. I think of nothing but you now."

Her face was pitiful, and he put his arm about her neck as if she were a child. "You mustn't do that. You must go on with your life just as if I'd never been. Think of your father's job—of the forest and the ranch."

"I can't do it. I've lost interest in the service. I never want to go into the high country again, and I don't want you to go either. It's too savage and cruel."

"That is only a mood," he said confidently. "It is splendid up there. I shall certainly go back some time."

"Of course, we are not rich, but we are not poor, and my mother's family is one of the oldest in Kentucky." She uttered this with a touch of her mother's quiet dignity. "Your father need not despise us."

"So far as my father is concerned, family don't count and neither does money. But he confidently expects me to take up his business in Chicago, and I suppose it is my duty to do so. If he finds me looking fit he may order me into the ranks at once."

"I'll go there. I'll do anything you want me to do," she urged. "You can tell your father that I'll help you in the office. I can learn. I'm ready to use a typewriter—anything."

He was silent in the face of her naive expression of self sacrificing love, and after a moment she added hesitatingly: "I wish I could meet your father. Perhaps he'd come up here if you asked him to do so."

He seized upon the suggestion. "By George, I believe he would! I don't want to go to town. I just believe I'll wire him that I'm laid up here and can't come."

A knock at the door interrupted Wayland, and Mrs. McFarlane's voice, filled with new excitement, called out, "Berrie, the district office is on the wire!"

Berrie opened the door and confronted her mother, who said, "Mr. Evingham phones that the afternoon papers contain an account of a fight at Coal City between Settle and one of Alec Belden's men and that the district forester is coming down to investigate it."

"Let him come," answered Berrie defiantly. "He can't do us any harm. What was the row about?"

"I didn't hear much of it. Your father was at the phone"

"Why, it seems that after I left yesterday Settle rode down the valley with Belden's outfit, and they all got to drinking, ending in a row, and Tony beat one of Belden's men almost to death. The sheriff has gone over to get Tony, and the Beldens declare they're going to railroad him. That means we'll all be brought into it. Belden has seized the moment to prefer charges against me for keeping Settle in the service and for putting a nonresident on the roll as guard. The whelp will dig up everything he can to queer me with the office. All that kept him from doing it before was Cliff's interest in you."

"He can't make any of his charges stick," declared Berrie.

To be Continued.

Little Miss Ma.

Little Miss Ma, of Chinese parentage, who was christened the other day in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, will have little difficulty some day in learning to write her own name, but she must not imagine the brevity of her name is unique.

Ottawa, for instance, was founded by a Col. By; Melbourne still boasts a tradesman whose name is "John Ny"; the United States has a family of some distinction named Ek; and a few years ago a successful business was established in London by a Mr. S. Be. All these, however, have to yield the palm of brevity to a worthy dame who for many years presided over a wineshop in a Paris bye-street. She could sign her name in one letter—O.

TO WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Wilson's Experience a Guide to Women Passing through the Change of Life

Hamilton, Ontario.—"I have taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I cannot speak too highly of it as I was at the Change of Life and was all run-down and had no appetite. I was very weak and sick, and the pains in my back were so bad I couldn't do work. I got very sad at times and thought I had not a friend on earth. I did not care if I lived or died. I was very nervous, too, and did not go out very much. A friend advised me to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I did. I am a farmer's wife, and always worked hard until lately, and was in bed for two months. I began to feel like a new woman after the first bottle and I recommend it with great success, also Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills. I am willing to answer letters from women asking about your medicines, as I cannot speak too highly of them."—Mrs. Emma Wilson, 471 Wilson Street, Hamilton, Ontario.

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New Tokio Subway Jammed.

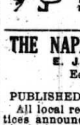
The opening of the first subway in the Far East provided a new means of recreation for the Japanese. Many persons spent the entire day riding backwards and forth over the one and a half mile route, although the guards tried to discourage repeaters. One hundred thousand persons rode the underground on its first day of operation.

Bring Your Own Fish.

Chinese of Singapore are unusually fond of crab meat and it is a common thing for crab meat parties to be staged in Chinese homes. Entire families attend these parties and it is customary for the guests to bring their own shell fish.

Negrillos of central Africa average only about four feet four inches in height.

Cook's Regulating Compound



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E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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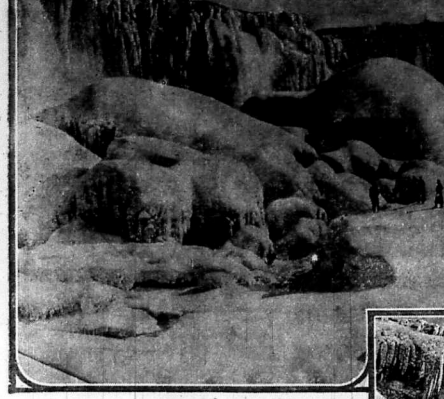
WINTER WONDERS OF NIAGARA



The wonders of Niagara Falls which have for years attracted sightseers from all parts of the world, are even more striking when the frosts of winter have played their part in beautifying this magnificent spectacle. The Falls are coated with ice in peculiar formations and are, perhaps, even more attractive than during the summer months when the water runs freely over their brink.

So great has been the interest in the winter appearance of Niagara that a series of excursions have been arranged by the Canadian National Railways from American points such as Chicago, Detroit and intermediate cities. Special trains are being operated from Chicago, South Bend, Battle Creek, Lansing, Flint, Detroit and other points. It is anticipated that because of the facilities provided, thousands of tourists will make the journey to view the Falls in Winter.

A. B. Chown, General Passenger Agent of the System at Chicago, states that enquiries from prospective visitors are pouring in from all directions.

EGYPT'S COTTON PROBLEM.

Proposal That Only One Sort of Plant Be Allowed.

To prevent the deterioration of Sakellarides cotton, various proposals aiming at maintaining its purity are being considered by the Egyptian Government.

There is a suggestion to legislate to prohibit completely the growing of any other variety but Sakellarides in lower Egypt, says the Christian Science Monitor. Another is that the Government should appoint a committee, consisting of "ministry" of Agriculture officials, trained agriculturists and practical farmers, to investigate and report to the Government as to the possibility and advisability of dividing up lower Egypt into cotton zones, so that each of the main commercial varieties of cotton may be grown alone in a particular zone.

It is also considered that cotton ginners and every person dealing in cotton seed should be compelled to have a license. Such persons could be held responsible for the purity of the cotton seed which they sell.

If the cultivation of cotton varieties in lower Egypt other than Sakellarides were not prohibited, then, it is suggested, each cotton ginner should be allowed to deal in one type of cotton only, either fine cotton Sakellarides or short cottons, Zagora, etc. This would prevent to a large extent the admixture of the seed in the ginneries. The fault of the Government is by no means an easy one, and success can only crown their efforts if strong support comes from a majority of the people.

The provision of water during the summer months through the erection of the Nile barrage rendered possible the cultivation of cotton in Egypt. The area under cotton ever since has gradually increased to such an extent that it is no exaggeration to describe Egypt, from an agricultural point of view, as a "one crop" country. As a general rule the reliance on one crop can be regarded as a risky proposition unless it is compensated for by a constant and enthusiastic endeavor to keep up the yield per acre and the purity of that crop.

What has happened in Egypt, with few exceptions, is that no steps have been taken to keep up the standard of the country's main source of wealth. Consequently, the Sakellarides cotton, which in its pure form is one of the best all-round varieties which have ever been produced in Egypt, has been allowed to suffer severely from the effects of deterioration.

WORLD'S LONGEST RIVERS

Six of the Dozen Are In Asia and Three In Africa—Longest Is the Nile.

Of the world's dozen longest rivers, six are in Asia and three in Africa, says a bulletin from the National Geographic Society. The New World is represented only by the Amazon in South America and the Mississippi and the Mackenzie in North America, though if the Missouri be considered apart from the Mississippi it would take rank in its own right.

The longest single river is the Nile, measuring some 4,000 miles from head to mouth. The Nile is further distinguished in that it has no tributaries for the last 1,500 miles of its course to the sea. During this stretch its waters are considerably reduced in volume by evaporation and irrigation, so that it grows smaller instead of larger toward its mouth.

Other African rivers among the length scoring twelve are the Niger and the Congo, both fed by the tropical rains of hot regions near the Equator. In a general way they more nearly resemble South America's representative, the Amazon, than the great streams of the colder northern continents.

Of Asia's six longest rivers, four are in Siberia, the Ob, Yenisei, and Lena flowing north into the Arctic Ocean and the Amur emptying into an arm of the Pacific. The other two are the Yangtze and Hwang, or Yellow, river of China.

These twelve river basins represent the greatest variety of climate and civilization. The Amazon and the Congo flow through lush equatorial jungles inhabited by birds of brilliant plumage, wild animals and savage tribes, while the mouths of the Yenisei timber line and their valleys support the sparest population. The Mississippi and the Yangtze flow through established, if divergent, civilizations, with rich cities along their banks like jewels on a string. The Nile is one of the cradles of world history; the Mackenzie is still a frontier stream.

From the point of view of a world map five of the dozen rivers flow "up-hill," that is, flow in the north. These are the Nile, Mackenzie, Ob, Yenisei, and Lena. The Mississippi and Niger flow south. The Amur, Yangtze, Hwang and Amazon run eastward. Only the Congo points toward the west.

All these streams overflow their banks at intervals but the results are strangely different. In the case of the Mississippi and the Yangtze, floods are national disasters bringing untold suffering to millions. The annual overflow of the Nile with resulting fertilization of the valley by the deposit of silt is the source of the wealth of Egypt. The Hwang, or Yellow river, from its habit of overflowing its banks and changing its entire course at intervals is known as the "scourge of China."

The Amazon and the Congo lie almost under the Equator, and the other ten longest rivers are in the northern hemisphere. Four flow into the Arctic Ocean. A reason is not far to seek. The greatest land masses are in the northern half of the world, and without large land areas long rivers are impossible. The smaller continents of Australia and Europe are not represented in the dozen. Similarly, the reason for the longest rivers flowing to the north and east is that the longest continental slopes extend in those directions.

UNIVERSITY OF BEIRUT.

Founded In 1864 by Dr. Daniel Bliss.

Among the interesting student in the preparatory school of the University of Beirut, in Syria (Asiatic Turkey) is a twelve-year-old boy, brown of skin, shy, and shining-eyed, who walks at the head of a curious procession. Figures in flowing robes and turbans follow in his wake. The son of the sheik in a popular film was a burning-eyed, romantic figure, hero of desert romance, but the son of the sheik in real life is Asfuk Yawer.

No desert romance is his, unless life in tents, with the sand and the stars and his father's camels for company, can be counted adventure. He wears a suit and collar and tie. Under his arms are books.

Asfuk Yawer, son of Shaykh (Sheik) Ajeil Bel el Yawyer, sits at the feet of learning.

How long it will be before there is a real influx of the Arab into the world's schoolrooms, Dr. Bayard Dodge, head of the university, could not predict. But the exodus of the Bedouin from his wild, romantic stronghold, the desert, has begun.

During the war Beirut was blockaded so completely by the Allied fleets that no one even heard of the sinking of the Lusitania until the armistice was signed. There were no newspapers, no outside contact with the world. During those years the people, never far removed from their Bedouin customs, reverted to them entirely.

Then came the influx of the British and French. There came modern literature, ideas, and dress.

Much of the modern youth problem is healthy. Young "shieks" are travelling hundreds of miles across the desert to get to school. They are sons of the heads of feudal families of Mesopotamia who are often called sheiks as well as the patriarchs of the tents on the desert. It is these young men, Dr. Dodge believe, from whom the prototype for the cinema hero was drawn.

The real desert sheik, we know, is far from the figure of amusement conjured in the darkness of picture houses. He is a powerful and often wrangling old fellow with his wives, his slaves and his flocks, from whom the modern woman would run a mile.

In the futurg Arabia may take up modern education as Irak has done during the last ten years, but in the meantime young Asfuk remains almost the only representative of his brethren.

On an eminence overlooking the blue Mediterranean, a mile outside Beirut, are grouped the forty-three buildings of the university, the students numbering 1,200. A year ago the college became co-educational, and sixty of these are girls.

Founded in 1864 by Dr. Daniel Bliss as the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, numbering then only sixteen students, the institution changed its name to the university in 1920. It is non-sectarian. That is why, side by side, sit Christians, Moslems, Jews, Druses, and Bahais.

"Girls form part of the problem of modern youth," Dr. Dodge said. "They want to be themselves. They believe in modern dress, in careers, in bobbed hair and living their own lives.

"We want to teach our young people the principles of public honesty, so that corruption, despotism, and privileges may be wiped out. We want our young people to know that men may trust each other."

DETECTION OF DIPHTHERIA.

Each Bacterial Cell Carries an Electric Charge.

The ability of a living diphtheria bacterium to pour poisons into the blood stream of humans bears a relation to the size of the charge of electricity which each bacterial cell carries, according to Drs. I. S. Falk, L. B. Jensen and J. H. Mills of the University of Chicago.

Their electrical measurements can be made in a few minutes and with simple apparatus on cultures thought to be capable of producing toxin. The results are obtained much more rapidly than by time-consuming methods of animal experimentation.

The electrical method is said to be based on the fact that the power of the bacterium to excrete poisons depends on the porosity of its outer wall. This, in turn, affects the electrical charge on the cell as a whole.

The observation is made by placing the suspected organisms in a small chamber between metallic plates charged to a definite electrical potential. The rate at which the bacteria cross the electrical field is then watched through a microscope. The virulence of the germs can be calculated by reference to the rate of "migration" of a strain of diphtheria of known toxin-producing power.

This new method is expected to speed up detection of cases of diphtheria, and to facilitate release from quarantine.

WOMEN LEARNING JUJITSU.

Japanese Art of Self-Defence Growing in Popularity In Britain.

Jujitsu, the national Japanese art of self-defence, is rapidly growing in popularity in England, and the head of one of the London schools where it is taught said to a London Mail reporter that it is as popular among women as men.

Seven teams taking part in a competition recently for a challenge cup presented by Baron Matsuri, the Japanese ambassador, included one each from Oxford University and the Metropolitan police, two from the Boy Scouts, and one from the Jewish Lads' Brigade.

A British Jujitsu Society has been formed with headquarters in Coventry.

According to Mr. Koizumi, head of the Budokwai (Japanese Athletic Club), London, girl typists are among his regular pupils, as well as barristers, medical men, university students and policemen. He said:

"Jujitsu is not strength — it is well-applied knowledge of holds, and women are at little disadvantage to men, if any. A woman who has learnt it can defy any man. They certainly are among the keenest students.

RUBBER SUPPLANTING METAL

Car Driven With Comfort to Occupants, at Forty Miles an Hour Over Unfinished Road.

"It is no good taking you for a run on an ordinary good London road to demonstrate my springless car," said Walton L. Adams; "I'll take you over the worst road to be found in this part of London." And he was as good as his word. This was to demonstrate to a Christian Science Monitor representative the merits of the Adams patent springless suspension system.

Turning into a new and apparently partly made road covered with great furrows and large potholes, many of which must have been a foot in depth, Mr. Adams then proceeded to drive his 10-horsepower car at a speed of just forty miles per hour without any endeavor to pick his way. The car held the road perfectly and we drove comfortably without bumping over the uneven surface. The occupants of other cars picking their way at a walking pace, gazed at us in amazement. It was a truly wonderful experience and must be experienced to be believed. To one who has done so it is difficult to doubt that this system must eventually replace the ordinary metal leaf springs.

This very ingenious system is the invention of Mr. Adams, who is a believer in rubber as a shock absorber. One generally thinks of a rubber spring as being attained by the use of rubber cords of varying length and strength. Mr. Adams saw that this would not be practicable for a motor car, and so conceived the idea of using rubber discs which would take a torsional or twisting strain.

This has been achieved by the use of three simple parts for each wheel. There is first a serrated rubber disc which resembles a gear wheel with gear teeth on both sides. This fits into two corresponding metal-toothed discs, one of which is secured to the frame and the other to the end of a radium arm. The parts are clamped together, the rubber being under compression and the whole load of the car is taken by the rubber discs. Any movement of the axle thus causes a torsional strain on the rubber discs. Mr. Adams has found that a radius arm of about two feet in length gives sufficient strength for an axle movement of about six inches.

Unlike a metal leaf on coil spring, rubber does not store up any appreciable energy so as to cause a rebound after its compression but merely returns to its normal tension; this does away with any necessity for shock-absorbing devices. The parts going to make up the suspension system are lighter than the usual metal leaf type, are easily and cheaply manufactured and would apparently be immune from deterioration. They have been tested for 20,000 miles without visible wear, but even should wear occur the rubber discs are easily and cheaply replaced by anyone with the simplest tools.

Mr. Adams showed the remarkable way in which a car fitted with his device held the road, by steering over the worst roads without holding the steering wheel. An ordinary car must have been thrown off its track, but his car kept straight on. Asked if skidding was affected, Mr. Adams, after accelerating on a stretch of wet, slippery wood paving, applied the brakes hard but without producing any sign of a skid.

THE BLACKFOOT INDIANS.

George Gooderham Details Peculiar Customs of This Tribe.

"When an Indian marries he takes his wife home and she must never set eyes upon his mother-in-law," declared George Gooderham, Indian agent, in the course of an address before the Electric Club of Toronto. The lapse, he explained, however, that this prohibition was not an unmixed blessing, for in case of a domestic squabble he had only to call his mother-in-law, whose presence embarrassed the husband in his efforts at reconciliation.

Mr. Gooderham, who has for many years been connected with the work among the Blackfoot Indians of Alberta, told many interesting stories of the customs of the tribe. Although Indians for the most part derived their names from impressions, many had adopted Scottish names after the Hudson Bay factors, he said. In this way Running Rabbit, Crooked Meatstrings, Susie-without-a-doubt-a-Bear, Prouty-Young-Man and Eat-Alive, the latter being due to a mispronunciation of Eat-Alive, might be found living upon the same reserve with such "improved Scotsmen" as Donald MacMaster and Hector McPherson.

The Sun Dance was still an important function among the Blackfoot Indians, the speaker said, but the tortures which originally formed part of the ceremony had been done away with. In recent years a number of secret societies had been formed, the most important of which was the Society of the Horn. When a member of this order can be persuaded to swear by the Horn, we are certain that he will not tell a lie," declared Mr. Gooderham. "Although we do not know much about this society, it seems to resemble a Masonic lodge. They have also the Olive Society, and the younger men have formed a Crazy Dogs' Society, which puts on a wild show on lodge nights.

Continuing, the speaker told of the methods of educational work being carried on among the Indians of the Reserves, and of the efforts being made by Government agents to encourage thrift. The Indians had three chief sources of revenue, he said: their farms, their cattle and their mines. Every able-bodied man worked a quarter section of land in the summer, and in the winter worked in the coal mines.

The speaker stated that contrary to popular impression, the population was not decreasing, but was gradually increasing. Infant mortality had dropped considerably since the establishment of a new hospital and the Indians were taking a great interest in surgery. "In the past twenty-five years the Indian has developed into an entirely different man," said Mr. Gooderham. "He was formerly a hunter and a warrior, but he is fast becoming a producer. One Reserves to-day we have men who have discarded their moccasins for shoes and spats, and women who have bobbed their hair and are wearing lingerie."

GAY CITY OF SUCHOW

STORY OF TRAGEDY AND HUMOR IN CHINA.

Festival of the New Year Is Celebrated by All — Cannot Collect Debts After Midnight of Old Year —Feverish Gambling.

Miss Mildred Cable who recently arrived in England after thrilling adventures in China is the author of the following interesting story which appeared in the London Daily Mail:

On Great Wall of China, which extends for 1,500 miles from Shan-kaikwan, on the sea coast, to Kiayuk-wan, on the borders of the Gobi Desert, encloses, at its extreme Central Asian point, the town of Suchow.

Suchow dates back to the first century B.C., when it was named "The Spring of Wine." All the jade from Khotan, in Central Asia, is carried here through Jade Gate on its way to Peking, where the skilful workmen carve it into artistic ornaments polished with powder made from the dust of rubies and other precious stones. And in Suchow itself one of the main industries is the turning of jade cups, trays, and vases on a hand-lathe.

A lively and cosmopolitan crowd constantly fills the streets of this gay city. The Tibetan comes here to exchange skins, musk, turquoises, and peacock feathers for grain. The Mongolian barters his camels' hair and Turkestan cotton for necessary foodstuffs. Chinese colonists control the business and the banking system of the town, save in the quarter strictly reserved for the Turko Moslems, who is not allowed to reside within the city wall. No Westerner moving through the gay and animated scene could dream that it would take him over fifty days' travel in a swift car to reach the nearest railhead.

It is for the festival of New Year that Suchow, always abounding with life, reserves its gayest aspect.

The old year closes in an atmosphere of financial stress, for this is the season when all outstanding debts are presented and settlement demanded. Creditors chase their unfortunate victims from one hiding-place to another, and every caller at the house is eyed suspiciously through a fragment of broken glass which has been inserted into the doorway for the purpose of detecting undesirable visitors.

While the brief parley is in process and the woman is slowly climbing off her kang and toddling on bound feet to the door, her husband has already scaled the low flat roof and is lowering himself into a neighbor's court, where, with a sunny and ruddy wall, he reaches some welcome hiding place. Meanwhile the wife with vacant eyes and hanging jaw is denying all knowledge of her husband's whereabouts.

Tension increases until nightfall on the last day of the year, when only a few hours remain in which payments can be demanded. At midnight the sound of bursting crackers announces the dawn of a New Year. From this moment there is no force or chain which can compel, and in whatever financial difficulty a man may be involved he is safe in the bosom of his family to offer the New Year felicitations. No debt will be mentioned again until the fifth day of the fifth moon—that is, more than five months later.

Next morning everyone is well dressed for even the poorest will hire a suit of clothes, for the day, from a pawnshop, in order to appear at his best when paying and receiving the ceremonial calls, and the two men who were chasing each other a few hours previously now meet with faces wreathed in smiles and exchange the conventional greeting: "May you become rich this New Year."

On the morning of the second day of the first month the street of Suchow presents the aspect of a vast gambling hall. Down each side of the street tables are spread, bordered with long rows of cash (copper coins), and a croupier, with a rhythmic, lilting song, calls on all who pass by to take a hand at the game of chance. Many a lucky throw may supply the winner with money to meet every emergency.

As the day proceeds stakes run higher, and all along the street the air is full of excited men playing away their last cash and putting up fields, cattle, and houses to be won or lost. Meanwhile the women sit at home and children run to and fro from the gaming tables to the house, carrying reports of the gain or loss involved by the husband's darins. When the message comes that he has lost everything the wife has one means only of protest, and she unhesitatingly takes her own life. Opium is always available to buy a heavy dose of opium, a box of face-powder containing arsenic, or in a last resort some phosphorous matches with which to do the deed.

A moment later a terrified boy is tugging at the gambler's sleeve, and whispering of the word "Poison" at the sound of the dread prospect of the avenging spirit of a dead wife haunting his home and dogging his footsteps through life.

Then the one house in Suchow to which appeal for help is made at any hour of the day or night is at the door and the cry "Save life!"—sure of a response from those within, known to the city as the Followers of the Christ.

Miss Cable, the writer, and another young woman spent some years at missionaries at Suchow, in Western Mongolia, in the remote heart of Asia. On their way to England they had to travel for 1,500 miles by mule cart and then 1,000 miles by river to pick up the Trans-Siberian Railway.

Reindeer Meat.

Reindeer meat may find its way to the dining-rooms of Western Canada if the plans of the Dominion Reindeer Company are successful. This organization, which is now actively engaged in the reindeer business in Alaska is moving 4,000 fawns this spring on a lease of 300,000 acres in the McKenzie river territory, which is being granted by the Federal Government. It is estimated that sales of reindeer meat in 1929 will be $9,000 increasing to $45,000 in the following year.

DEATH ON THE WATERS

Is Caused By the Discharge Into the Sea of Refuse Oil From Oil-Driven Ships.

Thousands of visitors to Britain's coast must have noticed during the past few years numbers of dead or dying sea birds lying on the beach, writes Oliver G. Pike, F.Z.S., in Tit-Bits. Their feathers have been so clogged with oil that it has been impossible for them to dive for food or fly, with the result that they have died.

This terrible destruction of useful sea birds is going on not only around British coasts, but on all the shores of the great waters that cover the earth.

It is caused by the discharge into the sea of refuse oil from oil-driven ships. This forms a film of oil over great tracts of water, and thick sheets of a floating black sludge of varying consistence. The birds, while swimming, accidentally enter this, and their feathers are soon soaked and clogged to such an extent that they can neither fly nor obtain food.

Guillemots, razorbills, gannets, scoters, other ducks, cormorants, and grebes are caught in the oil, thousands are cast ashore either dying or dead. For days, even weeks, they float on the surface, being driven here and there by the winds or tides. Then, after slow starvation, death comes to their relief.

This peril does not concern birds alone. Some of our popular seaside resorts have been made impossible for bathers owing to the filth on the water. Fish are being killed by the hundred thousand; also their eggs. What is perhaps more important, the food on which many fishes live is being destroyed, with the result that fish wanted by our fishermen are being driven farther afield.

Representatives of several nations met recently to discuss this problem. Several suggestions were put forward. One was that oil waste should not be discharged within fifty miles of land. This is of little real benefit, for the masses of oil are carried long distances by the tides and winds, and eventually reach the shore. In Belfast Harbor a serious fire was once started by this floating danger.

This destruction of useful life might easily be prevented. There is a simple apparatus called a separator that all oil-driven vessels should carry. Instead of throwing the waste oil into the sea, it is placed in this, and the heavy oil is separated from the intermingled water. The oil can then be used again, while the water is so harmless that it can be thrown overboard. This apparatus is so efficient that it pays for itself in the quantity of oil recovered from the waste.

Some of our sea-bird haunts have been seriously depleted of their population by this means. I have seen birds dead or dying on many parts of our coast, and it is a pitiable sight, for nothing can be done to save the latter. The kindest act is to kill them outright and so put an end to their misery. Bird-watchers on some of the protected areas, or bird sanctuaries, on our coasts tell terrible stories of the beautiful specimens they have had to destroy.

Until oil separators become compulsory on all oil-driven ships, this destruction of life will continue, concludes Mr. Pike. At the present time, owing to the increasing number of vessels, the danger is daily becoming more acute.

ARE CARS INVADING VATICAN?

Automobiles May Oust Papal Coaches and Famous Black Horses.

While carriages and horses seem anachronisms in the streets of Rome to-day, it is not the wonder it was when the end of the world was predicted. The head of an Italian family owned the site of the Monastery of San Tifone, on a mountain between the province of Naples and the province of Salerno, and one of the many people who believed this prediction. He gave the land to the monks of San Tifone, "in expectation of the end of this world in 1,000." When it did not, he regretted his generosity and made a number of attempts to recover the property.

His descendants have made similar efforts and early in the seventeenth century the matter was taken to court. The result of this trial was to give one part of the estate, and it is the mountain which was in the province of Naples, to Naples, and the other side of the mountain to the Commune of Ravello, in the province of Salerno.

Neither side was satisfied by this decision, and the case was taken to other courts, and at a later date, when Italy had been united under one Government, a royal decree gave the property on both sides of the mountain to the Commune of Ravello. The Commune of Letters of Naples is now preparing to appeal against this decree, which it is alleged was contrary to the law.

LOUD-SPEAKER FIRE ALARMS.

Edinburgh Has Installed New System for Calling Firemen.

Loud-speaker fire alarms have been installed in the streets of Edinburgh, Scotland.

They are said to be quite easily worked by nervous people who cannot work a telephone, or even by children.

Another claim for the instruments is that they prevent maliciously inclined people from sending false alarms. The voice of the duty fireman at the central station can be heard distinctly above the noise of traffic, and his questions about the existence of a fire would at once be heard and answered by passers-by.

Anyone wishing to report a fire breaks a small glass window in the alarm. Simultaneously the door of the instrument opens and exposes two apertures. One is marked above it the words: "Wait. Fireman will speak," and the other "Reply here." When the glass is broken a bell rings in the fire station duty room, and, although the fireman replies through an ordinary telephone transmitter, his voice can be heard twelve feet from the alarm.

Both apertures are really loud speakers, and when the person reporting the fire hears the voice from the fire station through one, he replies through the other.

Police and ambulance calls can also be sent through these alarms, the fire station transmitting them to the right quarter.

A MAN, Like a Motor, Should Have Three Speeds.

The only skilled performers are the nerve-cells in the brain, writes Dr. F. C. Eve on "The Technique of Daily Life," in Chambers' Journal. Exquisitely evolved and laboriously trained, they initiate and coordinate the complex crowd of nervous impulses which compel the muscles to execute a skilled movement, however simple.

Each person's brain has certain habitual brain-muscle actions. A man's character may largely be judged by his handwriting, by his facial expressions, by his manner of speaking, and by his pose or gait. These are all affairs of nerve-cells manifested by nerve-muscles.

The mechanism of thought is somehow intimately linked with that of speech—which is a brain-muscle action. For we know that we sometimes catch ourselves actually speaking our thoughts out loud or we may only mutter them. Hence, probably thought is impossible without words, and is a skilled brain-muscle action with elision of the redundant muscular contractions. This provides another, and a very strong reason for meticulous and loving care in all our brain-muscle actions, for the sake of our brains.

A sense of satisfaction in so doing has been evolved within us—if only we do not stifle it. We call it the pride of the artist, or of the workman. And how vitally important is that notion nowadays; for I feel convinced that the root of very many of our post-war social and industrial troubles is this—that the younger worker of all classes and both sexes has to a very large extent, lost this very pride—and joy—in work. Then work is a drudgery, done chiefly for wages. Work done with pride yields that steady sense of satisfaction which is the main component of happiness.

Wages can be converted into pleasure, but that alone, however assiduously sought, does not yield happiness though it is an excellent ingredient thereof.

So that, owing probably to this mental confusion between happiness and pleasure, the younger generation has less happiness and contentment than its parents and grandparents, though usually more money and pleasure.

And what better antidote could there be for this malady than the deliberate cultivation of delight in the perfection of our brain-muscle activities?

A man, like a motor, should have three speeds—with the direct drive in his middle habitual speed—reserving the top gear for emergencies. Obviously, too, a man's brain should be trained in addition to be used freely when he is wrong.

But speed in action need not entail speed in thought, for complex decisions should be taken at slow in thought and quick in action is the goal; and to ruminate is as good for a man's first thoughts as for a cow's—the after-cleverness.

To sum up, I have faith that if we make a hobby of executing all the brain-muscle movements of our daily life as perfectly as possible, we shall thereby improve our brains generally.

DISPUTE NINE CENTURIES OLD.

Estate Was Ceded to Monks When World's End Was Predicted.

A lawsuit involving a controversy 927 years old will shortly be settled in the Appeal Court at Naples.

The trouble began shortly after the panic which occurred in A.D. 1,000, when the end of the world was predicted. The head of an Italian family owned the site of the Monastery of San Tifone, on a mountain between the province of Naples and the province of Salerno, and one of the many people who believed this prediction. He gave the land to the monks of San Tifone, "in expectation of the end of this world in 1,000." When it did not, he regretted his generosity and made a number of attempts to recover the property.

His descendants have made similar efforts and early in the seventeenth century the matter was taken to court. The result of this trial was to give one part of the estate, and it is the mountain which was in the province of Naples, to Naples, and the other side of the mountain to the Commune of Ravello, in the province of Salerno.

Neither side was satisfied by this decision, and the case was taken to other courts, and at a later date, when Italy had been united under one Government, a royal decree gave the property on both sides of the mountain to the Commune of Ravello. The Commune of Letters of Naples is now preparing to appeal against this decree, which it is alleged was contrary to the law.

LOUD-SPEAKER FIRE ALARMS.

Edinburgh Has Installed New System for Calling Firemen.

Loud-speaker fire alarms have been installed in the streets of Edinburgh, Scotland.

They are said to be quite easily worked by nervous people who cannot work a telephone, or even by children.

Another claim for the instruments is that they prevent maliciously inclined people from sending false alarms. The voice of the duty fireman at the central station can be heard distinctly above the noise of traffic, and his questions about the existence of a fire would at once be heard and answered by passers-by.

Anyone wishing to report a fire breaks a small glass window in the alarm. Simultaneously the door of the instrument opens and exposes two apertures. One is marked above it the words: "Wait. Fireman will speak," and the other "Reply here." When the glass is broken a bell rings in the fire station duty room, and, although the fireman replies through an ordinary telephone transmitter, his voice can be heard twelve feet from the alarm.

Both apertures are really loud speakers, and when the person reporting the fire hears the voice from the fire station through one, he replies through the other.

Police and ambulance calls can also be sent through these alarms, the fire station transmitting them to the right quarter.

Steam Is Invisible.

Steam itself is invisible. The white cloud of vapor often alluded to as steam is actually composed of minute particles of water suspended in the air and formed by the condensation of the true steam gas coming in contact with the air.

Brazil.

Brazil's population numbers over thirty million people.

Developing China Clay Deposits.

Saskatchewan deposits of china clay at East End are to be developed, according to Hon. A. P. McNab. The clay has proven ideal for the manufacture of china, he says. It is shipped to Medicine Hat for manufacture. At Estevan another clay suitable for manufacture of floor tile is under development.

Ancient Medical Book.

The oldest medical book in existence is an Egyptian papyrus of 1600 B.C., which has been translated into a book of about 600 pages.

Reduce your "Overhead" to a Minimum; Shop at C.D.S.L. for Advantageous February Values

FOR WOMEN

ORIENT SILK HOSE PRICED $2.00 AND $1.50 PAIR IN A FULL RANGE OF NEW COLORS

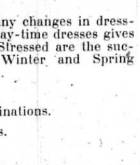
"Orient Purple Stripe" is a fine gauge full fashioned silk stocking, designed for discriminating women who insist on the finest obtainable. The superior quality of the silk and the exquisite finish of the fabric impart unusual charm and beauty to the wearer.

"Purple Stripe" comes with silk to the hem, has re-inforced lisle heels and toes. In smart colors of Flesh, Nude, Mother Goose, Peach Blush, Crane, Moonlight. Price $2.00 pair.

Orient full fashioned at $1.50 pair is a pure thread silk hose. Silk is fine, even weave. In shades of Nothing, Flesh, Shell, Sand, New Silver, Ecstasy, Gunmetal.

CHAMOISETTE GLOVES

SPECIAL 59 CENTS PAIR



These fabric gloves are washable and successfully so. Styled with fancy embroidered cuffs and points in contrasting shades. Have one dome fastener

Colors of Beaver, Natural and Stone.

PENMAN'S FLEECED LINED BLOOMERS

75 CENTS PAIR

These are in a splendid heavy weight for immediate wear. In shades of Sand, Peach, Cream. Sizes 40, 42.

BRIGHTEN YOUR WARDROBE WITH A SMART NEW DRESS

Winter in-door gaieties call for many changes in dresses. Our present assemblage of formal day-time dresses gives a wide scope for individual selection. Stressed are the successful style features for the present Winter and Spring seasons.

Frocks in reversible Satin Crepes.

Frocks in Georgette and Lace Combinations.

Frocks in lace with Georgette panels.

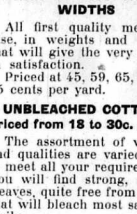
Frocks in one and two-piece styles.

Frocks in all the acceptable smart colorings.

Priced $25.00 to $62.50.

FOR THE HOME

EXCEPTIONAL VALUES IN SHEETINGS AND PILLOW COTTONS—SECURE YOUR YEAR'S SUPPLY NOW



"Quality" is a real asset when choosing cottons. Superb quality provides lasting wear. It also makes for good appearance. Several new Spring lines of "Quality" cottons have been placed in stock. We suggest that you choose your future requirements now.

February is the month for home sewing.

PLAIN BLEACHED SHEETINGS IN TWO YARD WIDTHS

All first quality merchandise, in weights and weaves that will give the very utmost in satisfaction.

Priced at 45, 59, 65, 69 and 85 cents per yard.

UNBLEACHED COTTONS Priced from 18 to 30c. per yd.

The assortment of weights and qualities are varied so as to meet all your requirements. You will find strong, smooth weaves, quite free from specks that will bleach most satisfactorily.

Both 36 and 40 inch widths.

CIRCULAR PILLOW COTTON PRICED AT 40, 50 AND 60 CENTS PER YARD.

At these prices you purchase the best grades of Wabasso Cottons. These are in weights that give excellent wear. In 40, 42 and 44 inch widths.

FEATHER PROOF TICKING In 3 Desirable Widths.

By this we mean the best feather proof quality.

Comes with a white ground with dark blue stripes.

27 in. pillow width at 45c. yd.
32 in. ticking width at 60c. yd.
36 in. superior quality, 60c. yd

ADVANTAGEOUS VALUES IN PIECE GOODS

18 OZ. NAVY BLUE SERGE—SPECIAL AT $2.48 PER YD.

Our quantity is limited to 25 yards. The quality is an extra heavy twill weave that will give splendid wear. Comes full 54 inches wide and has a weight of 18 ounces per yard.

85 YDS. BLACK DUCHESS SATIN SPECIAL AT $1.19 PER YD.

This is a splendid weight for dress purposes. Its supple folds, rich in finish, will drape artistically in the new Spring Fashions. You will find this value a real leader.

150 YARDS OF WASH GOODS ON SALE AT 39 CENTS YD.

The assortment is varied as to style and color. Obtainable are some most desirable designs and colorings suitable for creating clean, new dress fashions for Spring. In plain Mull and Voile.

FOR MEN

INTRODUCING— "THE CHURCHILL"

A NEW SPRING SUIT FOR YOUNG MEN AT $24.50

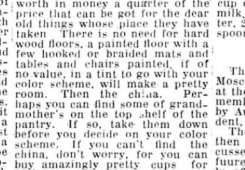
We have just placed this winner in stock, and it is receiving a full share of admiration because of its style, quality, value.

The "Churchill" is a young man's two button, double breaster, cut on trim, graceful lines. It is designed in a striking light brown coloring, with double silver stripes. The cloth is a firm quality worsted that will give plenty of wear and retain its appearance.

A full complement of sizes from 35 to 40 is in stock now.

We invite the "Young Men" to slip in and try on this new arrival. We are confident it will meet your requirements from all viewpoints.

NEW PATTERNS IN "STEWART" BRAND SHIRTS FOR MEN PRICED AT $1.95, $2.00, $2.95 EACH



These are delightfully attractive shirts in smart new patterns. They are as welcome here as Spring itself, as they permit us to offer you men the very smartest of early Spring Shirt patterns and colors. Shirts are of exceptionally good qualities in repp and broadcloth weaves, while the patterns come in a pleasing variety of fancy stripes and checks. All come with separate collar to match.

Sizes from 14 to 17. Come in and select your 1928 requirements.

Canadian Department-Stores Limited.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. R. C. Root was in Toronto a couple of days last week.

Mrs. Grew, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. Herbert Daly.

Miss F. Sloan, Kingston, spent a few days last week in Napanee.

Mrs. F. S. Scott is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Scott at Walkerville.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Solmes have returned from a month's visit in Toronto.

Mrs. D. R. Hall, Brockville, spent last week the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Duane R. Hall.

Miss Audrey Hollis and Miss Holmes, Toronto, are spending the week with Miss Olive Hambly.

Miss Rofferstsen, former V. O. nurse here, was the guest of Mrs. Ralph Sills a few days last week.

Miss Beatrice Baughan attended the Art and Choral Society club meeting held in Kingston on Thursday last and heard Dr. Healey Williams' talk on Irish Folk Song, assisted by Mrs. Whitehead, contralto, of Toronto.

Miss Tillie Waller leaves on Friday for New York to join her sister, Miss Elizabeth.

Mr. Gerald Ungar, Palace Road, is improving, after having undergone an operation in the Kingston General Hospital one day last week.

The many friends of Mrs. C. D. Black will be glad to learn that she has returned home from the General Hospital, after undergoing a successful operation.

Mrs. G. P. Carr spent the week-end in Kingston and left on Monday for Toronto, where she will spend a few days before leaving for Bermuda, W.I., for a month.

BIRTHS

Green—At North Fredericksburgh, on Wednesday, Feb. 1st, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Green, a daughter—Vera May.

DEATHS

Bush—At Napanee, on Sunday, February 12th, 1928, Mrs. Mary E. Bush, aged 83 years, 11 months.

Otton—At Toronto, on Thursday, February 9th, 1928, Henry Otton.

O'Connor—At Napanee, on Wednesday, February 8th, 1928, Rev. Father O'Connor, in his 72nd year.

Sharbot—At Kingston, on Monday, Feb. 6th, 1928, Margaret Ann Sharbot. Funeral from Van-Luven & Wartman Parlors on Feb. 9th.

Business Transferred.

Messrs. Northrop-Lyman Co., Ltd., Toronto, have purchased the entire interest of the Douglas Egyptian Liniment Company, from Mr. Willet Doller and will in the future manufacture this Canadian well known medicine. The business was established in Napanee by two brothers, Messrs. Edward Douglas, of Buffalo, and the late Fred Douglas, over thirty years ago. About twenty years ago the business was purchased by Mr. Doller, who until the re-transfer has manufactured the liniment in Napanee. The plant and offices were in the former Rennie Block, which was destroydo by fire a few weeks ago.

Napanee Fair dates this year will be August 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th.

Owing to soft weather four rinks of Napanee curlers had to cancel their games with Kingston on Tuesday.

A new bus was placed on the Belleville-Kingston route on Monday morning. It is much larger and better equipped than the former busses used on this route.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will hold their annual meeting in commemoration of Francis Willard, in St. Andrew's Church, on Friday, Feb. 17th, at 3 o'clock. Mrs. John Wright, of Kingston, County President of Leeds and Frontenac will be the speaker.

The remains of the late Henry Otton, who died in Toronto last week, were brought to Napanee on Saturday and placed in the vault at Riverside Cemetery. The late Mr. Otton was for many years a resident of Barrie, but for the past few years had been living in Toronto. Messrs. W. H. and E. J. Boyle are brothers-in-law of Mr. Otton and Mrs. Cornell is a sister.

"There was a certain nobleman whose son was sick at Capernaum when he heard that Jesus was come out of Judaea into Galilee, he went unto Him and besought Him that He would come down and heal his son, for he was at the point of death. Then said Jesus unto him, Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe. The nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come down ere my child die. Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way, thy son liveth. And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and went his way. And as he was now going down, his servants met him and told him saying, Thy son liveth. Then enquired he of them the hour when he began to amend. And they said unto him, Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him. So the father knew that it was at the same hour in the which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth; and himself believed and his whole house. This is again the second miracle that Jesus did, when He had come out of Judaea into Galilee.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Stella Ladies' Aid.

The monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of Trinity United Chrch, was held at the home of Mrs. William Montgomery, Stella, on Wednesday afternoon, February 1st. There was a large attendance, and after routine business, arrangements were made for the annual Valentine's Day social. Miss Nancy Burleigh, who has been at home, owing to the recent illness of her mother, was present and gave a most interesting description of her "Saguenay Trip." Miss Burleigh is on the staff of Sydenham High School. Mrs. Wm. Cochrane presided. A dainty lunch was enjoyed by all, after the meeting closed.

Late Mrs. Bush.

The death occurred at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. L. Delime, on Sunday of a highly respected resident in the person of Mrs. John J. Bush. The deceased had passed the four score mark, she being nearly 84 years of age. She was a life long resident of the township of Richmond and on the death of her husband came to Napanee to reside. She was exceptionally well known, particularly in the township of Richmond, where she had a host of friends, who will learn with regret her passing away. Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Delime and Mrs. McIlwaine, one son, Mr. Geo. Bush, of Sharp's Corners; two brothers, Mr. Thos. Thompson, near Deseronto, and Mr. Ranseller Thompson, of Napanee, also two sisters, the Misses Alma and Emma Thompson, of Napanee. The funeral service was held today at the residence, Centre street.

The Late Mrs. Herman Glazier.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Herman Glazier was held Thursday morning at 10 o'clock from her late residence in the village of Denbigh, to the United Church service being conducted by Rev. P. A. Scott, pastor, in the presence of a large and sympathetic congregation. The remains were interred in the cemetery of the United church. Deceased was a widow of the late Herman Glazier, who predeceased her a few days over two months ago. While she seldom enjoyed the best of health, she was not seriously ill until two days previous to her death. The cause of death was appendicitis and heart trouble. Left to mourn her great loss are two daughters and two sons, all of whom are in Germany, except one son, Mr. Oscar Huckenbach, whose home is in Ottawa, and who came in response to a telegram to attend the funeral and pay his last respects to his mother.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

THE OPEN-FACED SNEEZER.

We read almost daily in the press the sad results of carelessness of pedestrians and motorists, but we seldom, if ever, read of the sad results of the carelessness of "open-faced" sneezers.

Nevertheless, the "open-faced" sneezer is more dangerous than the careless motorist. A person is guilty of criminal negligence who is careless and lacks consideration for others; who, without any thought, sneezes, showering particles of material from his nose and throat all around him.

A man who strikes another is guilty of assault. Public opinion, as expressed in the law, does not allow of such assaults, and requires that the person who commits one is punished. A far more dangerous assault is committed by the careless sneezer. Public opinion should recognize this and stop it.

Disease germs pass out in the secretions of the nose and mouth. A sneeze casts a germ-laden spray for ten feet. If the sneezer cover his nose and mouth with a handkerchief, the danger is practically ended. If the desire to sneeze is to sudden to allow using the handkerchief, the head can at least be lowered and the spray directed to the floor, not into other people's faces.

In addition to those actually ill, many persons carry disease germs in their nose and throat. People with colds continue to go about their business. For these reasons, the sneeze may be the means of spreading disease, and for these reasons also, an end should be put to the "open-faced" sneezer.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto, will be answered. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

MAN SO NERVOUS GETS SORE WHEN SPOKEN TO

"It actually irritated me to have anyone talk to me, I was so nervous. Vinol ended this and I feel wonderful now."—Wm. Fahy

Vinol is a compound of iron, phosphates, cod liver peptone, etc. The very FIRST bottle makes you sleep better and have a BIG appetite. Nervous, easily tired people are surprised how QUICK the iron, phosphates, etc., give new life and pep. Vinol tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

When you and I went to school (speaking to our older readers) there were no Home and School clubs to look after us. Our parents, if we lived in town, hardly knew our teachers unless we were very troublesome and complaints about us were of frequent occurence. Now, through the Home and School clubs our children's interests are the subject of thought and study in a club to which both mothers and teachers belong and together they work for the good of the child. Surely this co-operation must be of great value to the younger generation. The treats and sleigh drives are splendid, but better still is the influence of the friendly feeling between the home and the school. In the rural districts the Women's Institutes take the place of the Home and School clubs, and are doing some of their best work in the schools. The school age is the habit forming age. What a help a committee of wise mothers must be to a girl little more than a child herself, who has to cope with the many problems, problems that have nothing to do with the course of instruction, with which she is faced in "the little Red Schoolhouse." To keep the boys and girls busy in mind and body is, to a large extent at any rate, to keep them out of mischief.

It is good news to hear that we are shortly to have a new popular fiction magazine in which the stories will be written about Canada by Canadians. The magazine is being brought out by Mr. Harry M. Moore, the editor of the Deseronto Post, one of the editors of the Canadian Women's Work, and the readers of his bright weekly will feel sure that his magazine will fill a long-felt want. We should see more Canadian Magazines on our book stalls and they would be welcomed by our visitors from the United States. Last summer on Stoney Lake an American visitor remarked, "I want to see some of your Canadian magazines, so as to learn more of your viewpoint, but in Peterboro I only found a few Canadian magazines. I was offered American magazines I wouldn't waste money on at home." The only way we can escape reproaches of that kind from our visitors is to ask for and buy our own productions. We have some excellent Canadian magazines and we will have another when "Canadian Stories" appears on the book stalls.

Two girls who are teaching school at present have written to "Lucinda" to ask if it would be possible to use the old stone farm house left to them by their parents, as a tea room and a depot for selling work and home cooking to the tourists. They think they might put in a pleasant and profitable holiday that way. We think so too. The house is shut up at present, but sounds full of possibilities. It is on the highway, with a piece of land and some trees in front of it. The first thing to do is to have fresh paint and paper and to get simple curtains for the windows and screens so that they can be opened. No one wants to go into a stuffy room after driving in the fresh air. Perhaps the girls can find some old furniture in the rooms, or in the attic, to which both mothers and teachers belong and together they work for the good of the child. Surely this co-operation must be of great value to the younger generation. The treats and sleigh drives are splendid, but better still is the influence of the friendly feeling between the home and the school. In the rural districts the Women's Institutes take the place of the Home and School clubs, and are doing some of their best work in the schools. The school age is the habit forming age. What a help a committee of wise mothers must be to a girl little more than a child herself, who has to cope with the many problems, problems that have nothing to do with the course of instruction, with which she is faced in "the little Red Schoolhouse." To keep the boys and girls busy in mind and body is, to a large extent at any rate, to keep them out of mischief.

There has been a great deal said about "How to keep the boys and girls on the farm." Doesn't it all resolve itself into this, that to be happy and successful on the farm, with money they have earned themselves in the bank, and a nice home to live in and to ask their friends to, will keep the young people where they will follow their parents in producing the food without which the people in the cities would starve and the country lose its most valuable exports. The boy or girl who works hard all day with only an occasional jaunt in town, or a Sunday afternoon visit to a neighbor, might have been happy enough some years ago, even if they had not supposed they have any money except what was given to them in small, very small sums as a gift rather than their share in what they had helped to earn. But things are different now. The boys and girls who are able to get work in the cities have money that is their own at the end of the week. It may not go very far, it will at first not buy even the room and food that they would get at home for nothing, but it is theirs and they feel independent. A great many men are seeing that their sons must have a share in the farm produce and that their daughter should have a private undertaking such as poultry-raising, gardening, butter making, etc. The country is a pleasant place and rural life can be the happiest in the world, but the country folk have to adapt themselves to conditions as well as the town folk. The young people who go to the cities have comforts even if they live in a boarding house that they do not always get on the farm. They also have many comforts in the old farmhouse that they are apt to forget. The spring will soon be here and improvements can be made in the rural homes that will make the young people who have been at school and college more content with the life in the country, that many of them really love best.

Eggs are not so dear as usual, but still we can use recipes without them to advantage. Here is one for a Johnny cake without eggs. Two cups of corn meal, 1 cup of flour, 2 cups of sweet milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, two teaspoons baking powder.

MOSCOW.

The February meeting of the Moscow Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Cline. Thirty members answered the roll call by Aunt Het' sayings, the president, Mrs. Amey, in the chair.

The report of the secretary was then given and plans were discussed for a quilting in the near fuure. Mrs. Lampkins very kindly offered her home for the annual visit of the lady speaker for next June.

Miss Evelyn Potter gave a Valentine reading which was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Lyall Milsap was the winner of the prize given in the spelling match.

Community singing was then indulged in, after which the meeting closed by singing God Save the King.

Lunch was served by the committee in charge.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON, Next to Oaten's.